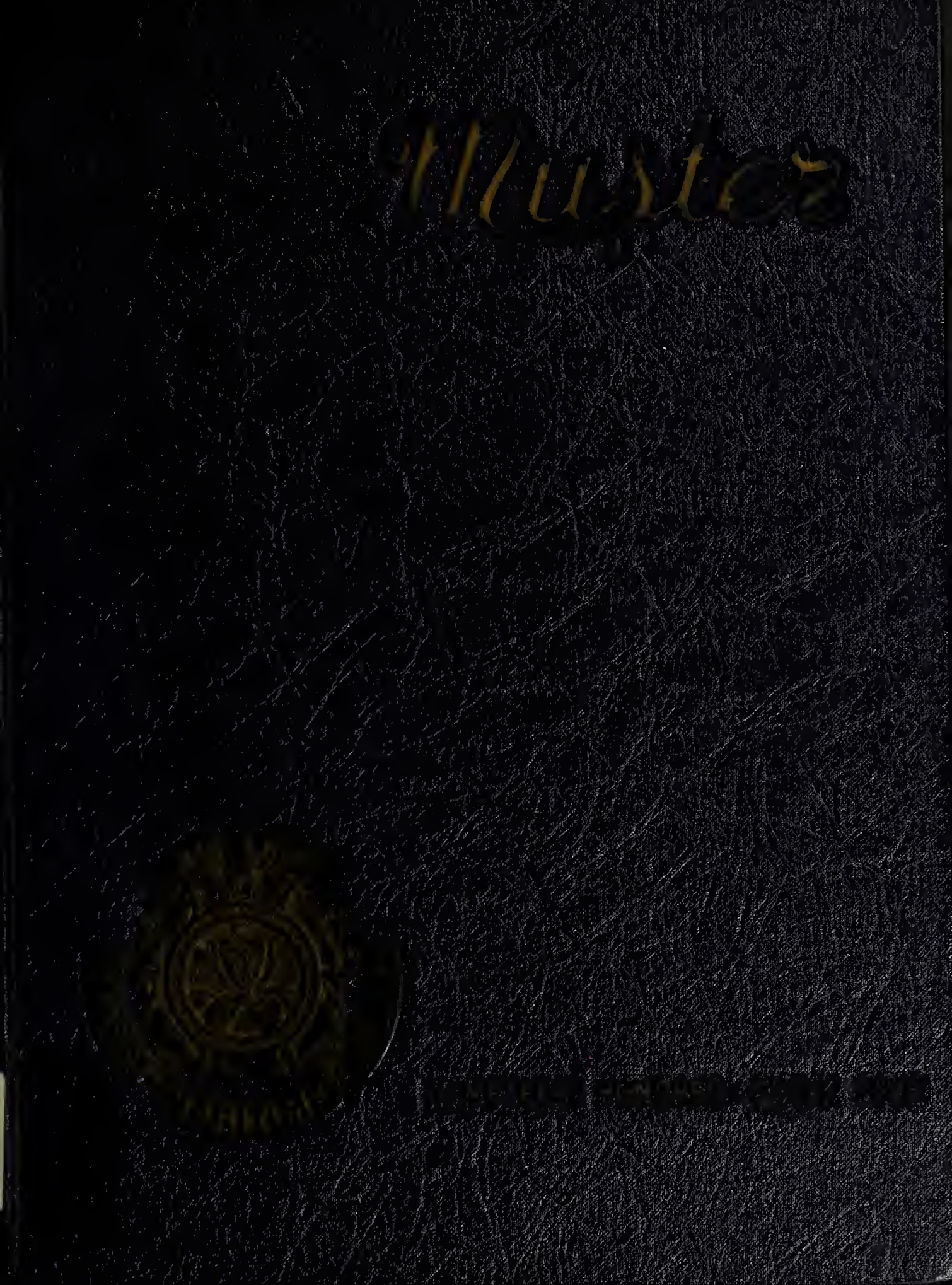

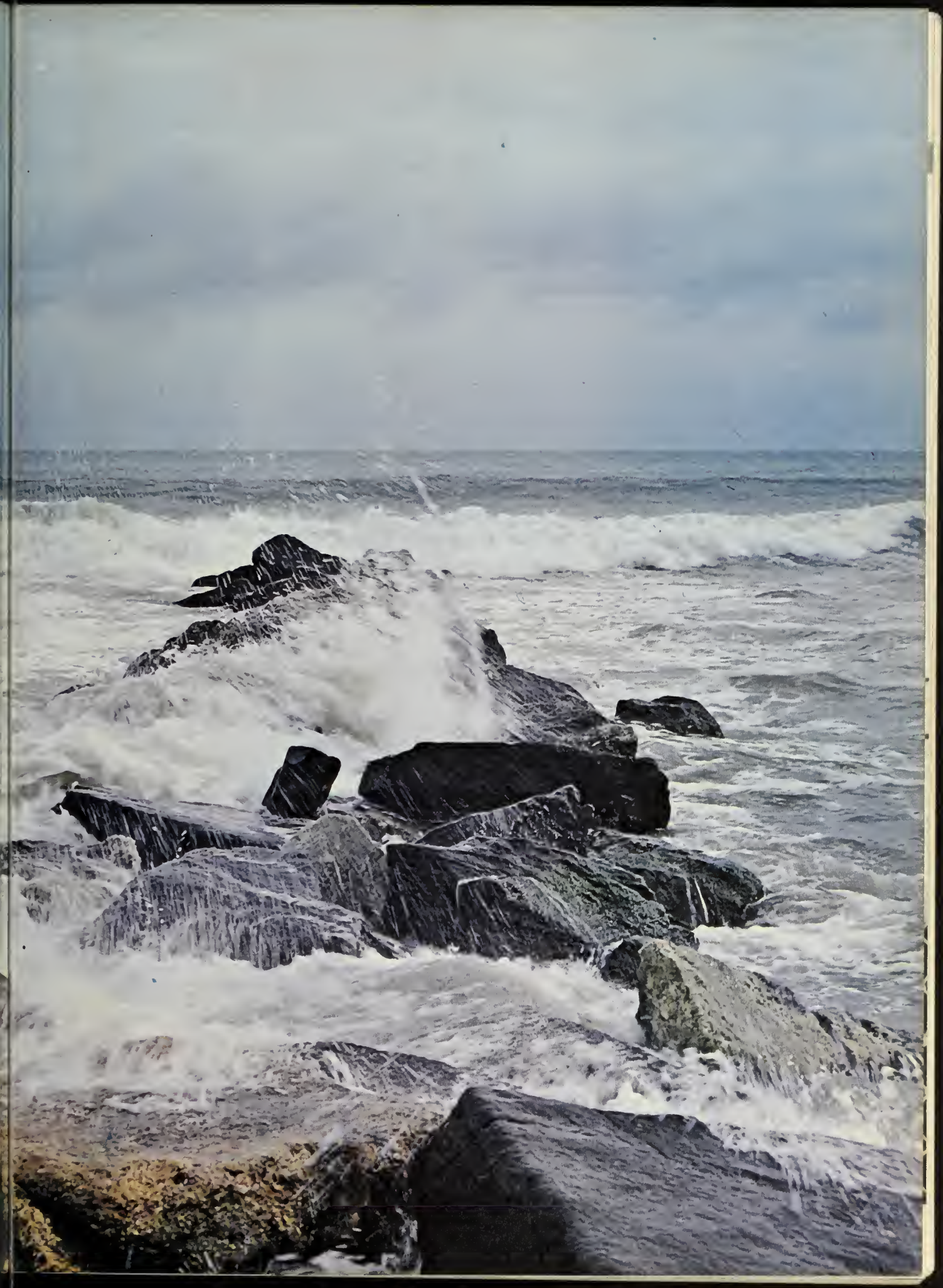

THE MUSTER

1965

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A SENIOR PUBLICATION

OF

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

Massachusetts Division of State Colleges

MUSTER

EDITORIAL

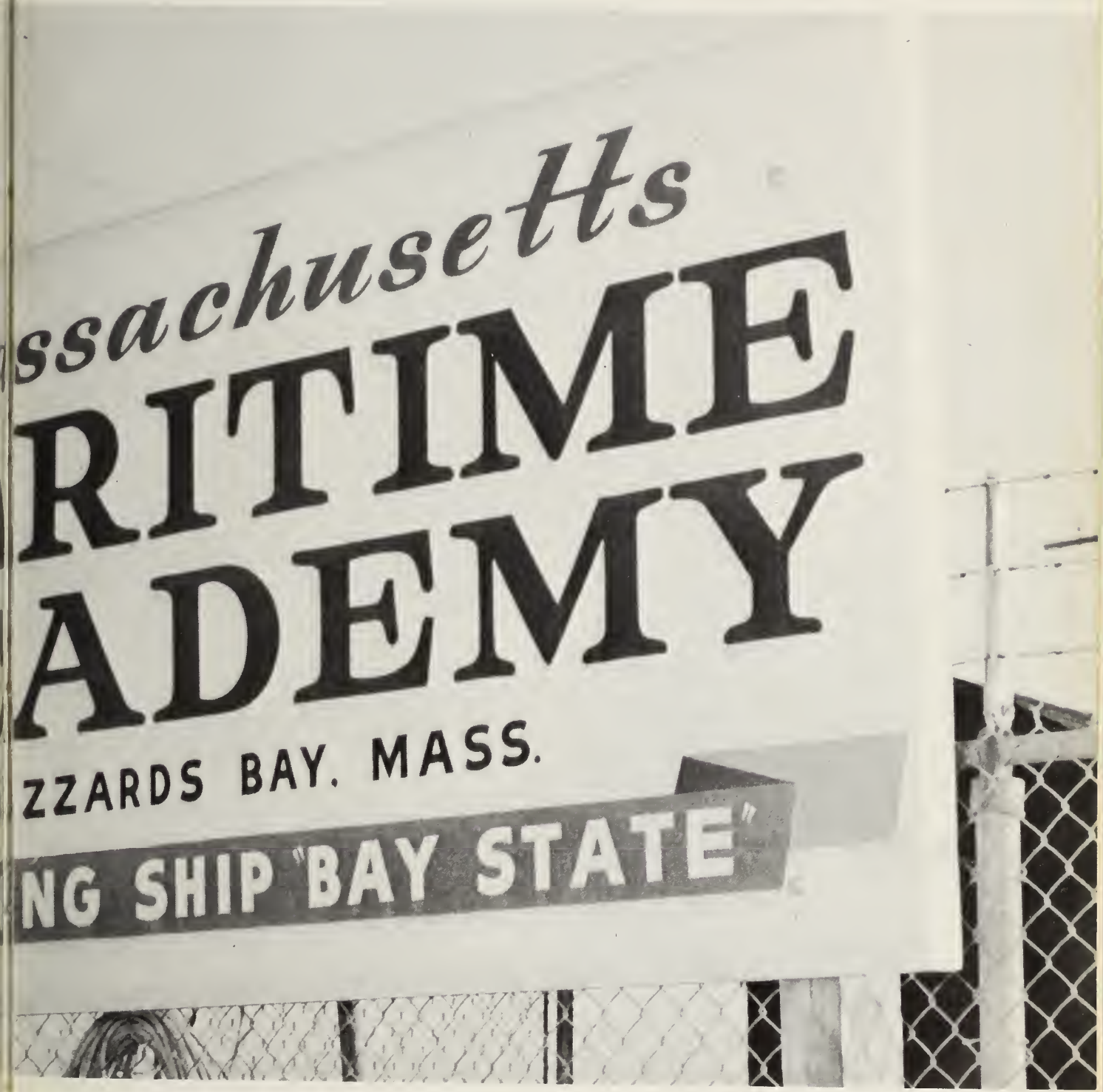
One sunny day, as I was standing O.O.W. duty, I observed an elderly gentleman as he stepped aboard the quarterdeck of the "Bay State." Along with the dignified composure about him, he appeared very much at home and yet foreign to his surroundings. After glancing about for a few moments, he looked at me — and scratching his chin he stated; "You know, lad, this is a bit different from the old school. Yes, those were the days of wooden ships and iron men." Then — with a slight smile, he gave a salute and departed.

Yes, he was correct, it is a bit different from the "old school" (as any old M.M.A. salt will tell you during his relating of a laughter filled and slightly exaggerated sea story) — but not that different. As long as there is an M.M.A., as long as there are middies, there will always be an 86, a youngie, a mid, a "cozy spot" or a ship to jump, a classmate to say "You rate it" and a group of well versed liberty hounds singing the renowned phrases of the Academy Theme Song ("We're a bunch of etc.-etc."). However, the unique expressions used at the Academy form only a fraction of the lasting memories we will take with us. There are memories of many weekends on board, of the unforgettable youngie year, of cruises and liberty, of dances and parties, of great times and rough times — of laughter and gloom and of the many events that only a middie could relate. And yet, as one looks back, he remembers all those things — good and bad — as part of *his* years at M.M.A.

So, now that our class must set sail, we also will leave our slight mark, as other classes before us have done. The major mark we leave is in the form of the MUSTER, which you are about to read. In this publication we have tried to present to you the Mass. Maritime as *we* know it; so that, in years to come, all may read and re-read of our "Alma Mater." But, with us we will take such momentos as — leftovers from the immortal "Hunger Strike a la 62," clippings from the "M.M.A. for State College" campaign, the smallest class since before the war, second place in the Colonial Soccer League, a few salts, a little bit of Rio, — Bahia (Scissors Club) and the Falstaff Brewery, and a little bit of yours — dear taxpayer.

Paul R. Kelleher

Paul Ramsay Kelleher
Editor-in-Chief
1965 MUSTER


ssachusetts
RITIME
ADEMY
ZZARDS BAY, MASS.
NG SHIP "BAY STATE"

DEDICATED

TO

William L. LaCasse, Jr.

To William L. LaCasse, we, the graduating class of 1965, dedicate our yearbook; in appreciation and recognition for all the unrewarded help and advice that he has given us during our stay at Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

At the age of seventeen, after finishing High School, he joined the U.S. Navy and volunteered for submarine service after basic training.

Early in 1944, Mr. LaCasse was assigned to the U.S.S. Besugo in the South Pacific theater of war. On the first patrol of the new submarine, they encountered enemy shipping while surfaced and he was wounded. He was flown back to Pearl Harbor where he recuperated for three months, and was later awarded the Purple Heart.

His next assignment lasted to the end of the war, aboard the U.S.S. Chub. During four successful patrols, this submarine was awarded the "Submarine Combat Pin" with three silver stars, and the crew received the Commanding Officers Commendation.

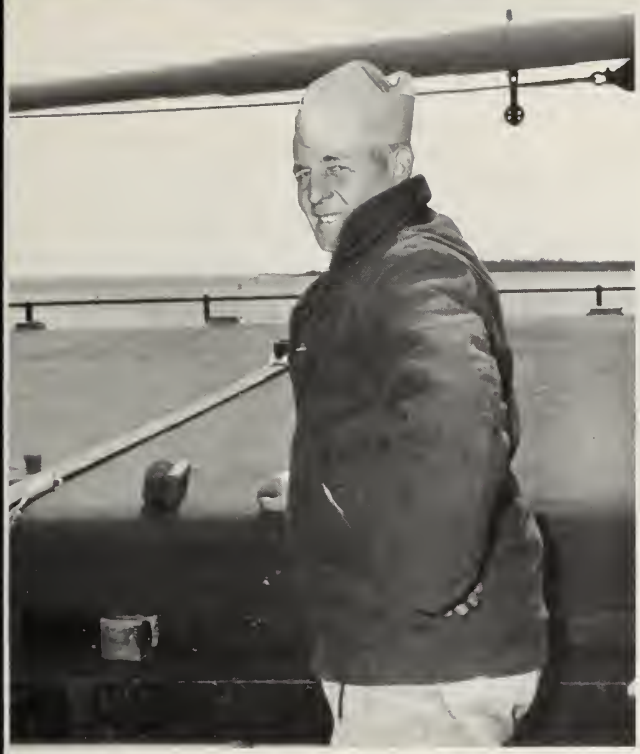
After the war he became active in the American Legion and since then he has held the positions of Jr. Vice Commander and Sr. Vice Commander.

Mr. LaCasse now resides with his wife Frances and two children, Hally and Micky, in Fairhaven, Mass.

"Willie," as he is known to all aboard, first came to the Academy in March of 1947. He resigned his position in 1950, but returned in May of 1954, to lend a helping hand to the midshipmen.

We say "Thanks" and extend our gratitude to you, Mr. LaCasse, for all you've done to ready us for our lives at sea, and we hope that this dedication will, in some small way, show our sincere appreciation.

The Graduating Class of 1965



IN MEMORIAM

Boatswain
Adelbert Nelson Tribou
1912 — 1964

IN REMEMBRANCE OF Adelbert Nelson Tribou, for his devoted work as Boatswain aboard the "Bay State," and for his sincere willingness to lend a guiding hand to the midshipmen — we devote this page.

Mr. Tribou was born on *July 26, 1912* in Sagamore, Mass. After his formal schooling, he became employed with the Fore River Shipyard as a licensed engineer and a master mechanic for heavy duty machinery. Upon the outbreak of World War II, he was assigned to government salvage operations, conducted at Pearl Harbor, and served as a Boatswains Mate with the U.S. Navy. The termination of the War found Mr. Tribou employed by the Arundel Corporation for dredging operations conducted in the New York State area. Later he acquired a position aboard the "Toledo" for the widening of the Cape Cod Canal. Shortly thereafter, he came aboard the training ship "Charleston" to begin his 15 year stay with the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

We who knew "Del" will remember his cheerful nature, sincerity and envied skills. The image that he left will be hard to equal.

Midn. Forand and Dr. Limouze

WELCOME

Dr. A. Sanford Limouze

First President of

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

As Battalion Commander of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, representing the Corps of Midshipmen, I am honored to introduce the first president in the history of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy is extremely fortunate in acquiring as its president an outstanding maritime educator and administrator. He is a graduate of Wooster College, Ohio; received his Master of Arts degree at Columbia University, and his Doctor of Philosophy degree from Duke University.

He has had long experience in maritime education, having joined the faculty of the New York Maritime College in 1947 and rising through the ranks from instructor to professor and department chairman. He also was a faculty member of Texas A. and M. College and Duke University. He has served as dean at the United States Merchant Marine Academy from 1961 to the present time.

It is with extreme pleasure that I welcome the new president of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, Dr. A. Sanford Limouze.

Oscar H. Forand Jr.

Battalion Commander

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Photo not shown; Mr. L. C. Donahue.

JOHN A. VOLPE
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is a pleasure for me, as Governor, to extend the congratulations of the Commonwealth to the graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

I am happy also to offer my personal good wishes to each of you upon the completion of your studies at the Academy.

Your training has been comprehensive and well planned to fit you for the responsibilities and duties which you will encounter in the honored field of maritime service.

Through this message in your yearbook, "The Muster," which will be a source of pleasant memories to you in later life, I wish you success and true happiness in your careers.

Sincerely,

Governor

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Division of State Colleges

Buzzards Bay 02[illegible]

June 2, 1965

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1965

OUR BRIEF ACQUAINTANCE HAS HAD A PLEASANT AND AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING, MY FIRST DUTY BEING TO CONGRATULATE YOU UPON YOUR GRADUATION. MAY YOUR SUCCESSES CONTINUE AND OUR FRIENDSHIP PROSPER AND GROW STRONGER AS WE WORK TOGETHER FOR THE GOOD OF OUR INSTITUTION.

Sincerely yours,

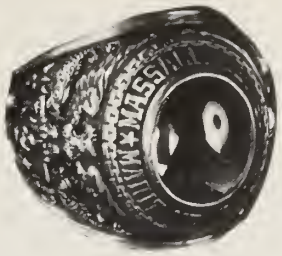
A. Sanford Limouze

A. Sanford Limouze
Captain, USMS
President

ADMINISTRATION

EVERY efficient organization must have a group of capable men at its head. This group of men is the lifeline of all those who respond to their direction and advice, for no organization is better than its leaders. Leadership, of this type, must be constant to rule yet flexible to circumstances and it is this quality of command that unifies and administrates the functions of our academy. It is through their actions that we have come to be proud of our profession and our heritage.

THEREFORE, it is with this thought in mind, that we present to you the faculty of Massachusetts Maritime Academy.


MASS

COMMAND

CAPT. Richard T. Rounds USNR
Meteorology Instructor
Commanding Officer

CAPT. James M. Murray USNR
Thermo Dynamics & Steam Engines
Instructor
Chief Engineer

CAPT. Louis A. Woodland USNR
Ships Construction Instructor
Executive Officer

FACULTY

CDR. William J. Connors USNR
Navigation & Rules of the Road
Instructor
Navigation Division Officer

CDR. John M. Cease USN (Ret.)
Mathematics Instructor
Admissions Officer

LCDR. Paul G. Hirst USMS
Admiralty Law Instructor
First Lieutenant

FACULTY

LCDR. Alan McNaughton USNR
Communications Instructor
Second Division Officer

LCDR. Lucian T. Page USMS
Seamanship, Cargo and
Rules & Regulations Instructor
Third Division Officer

LCDR. Walter J. Eno USNR
English Literature & Composition
Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

FACULTY

LT. Thomas F. Dorsey USMS
Social Sciences Instructor
First Division Officer

LT. F. L. Dixon Yard USMS
Foreign Language Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

LCDR. Alvin Anteen USMS
Supply Officer

FACULTY

CDR. William Hemmerly USNR
Electricity & Refrigeration
Instructor
Electrical Division Officer

LCDR. James D. Crosby USNR
Diesel Instructor
Auxiliary Division Officer

LCDR. Fredrick H.G. Wright USNR
Boilers & Property Materials
Instructor
Boiler Division Officer

FACULTY

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt USN (Ret.)
Radio Electronics Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

LT. Mario Tonello USMS
Machinery Division Officer

LT. Angus E. MacLeod USMS
Shop Theory Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

FACULTY

LT. William R. Hendy USNR
Physics & Chemistry Instructor
Assistant Division Officer

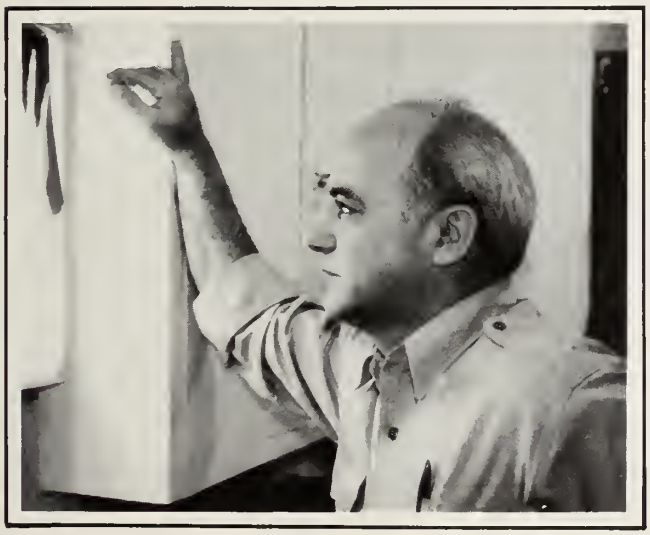
CAPT. (Dr.) W.E. Dawson USNR
Ship's Surgeon

CAPT. Robert H. Murphy USNR
Cruise Watch Officer

FACULTY

William L. LaCasse
Shop Theory Instructor
Machinist
Assistant Division Officer

Charles Maynard
Electrician



Anthony P. Tassanari
First Aid Instructor
Pharmacist

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

LCDR. H. C. Morse U.S.N.
Department Head
Naval Engineering Instructor

LT. R. J. Pierce USNR
Asst. Department Head
Naval Tactics & Leadership
Instructor

LTJG J. J. Jensen USNR
Naval Orientation & History
Instructor

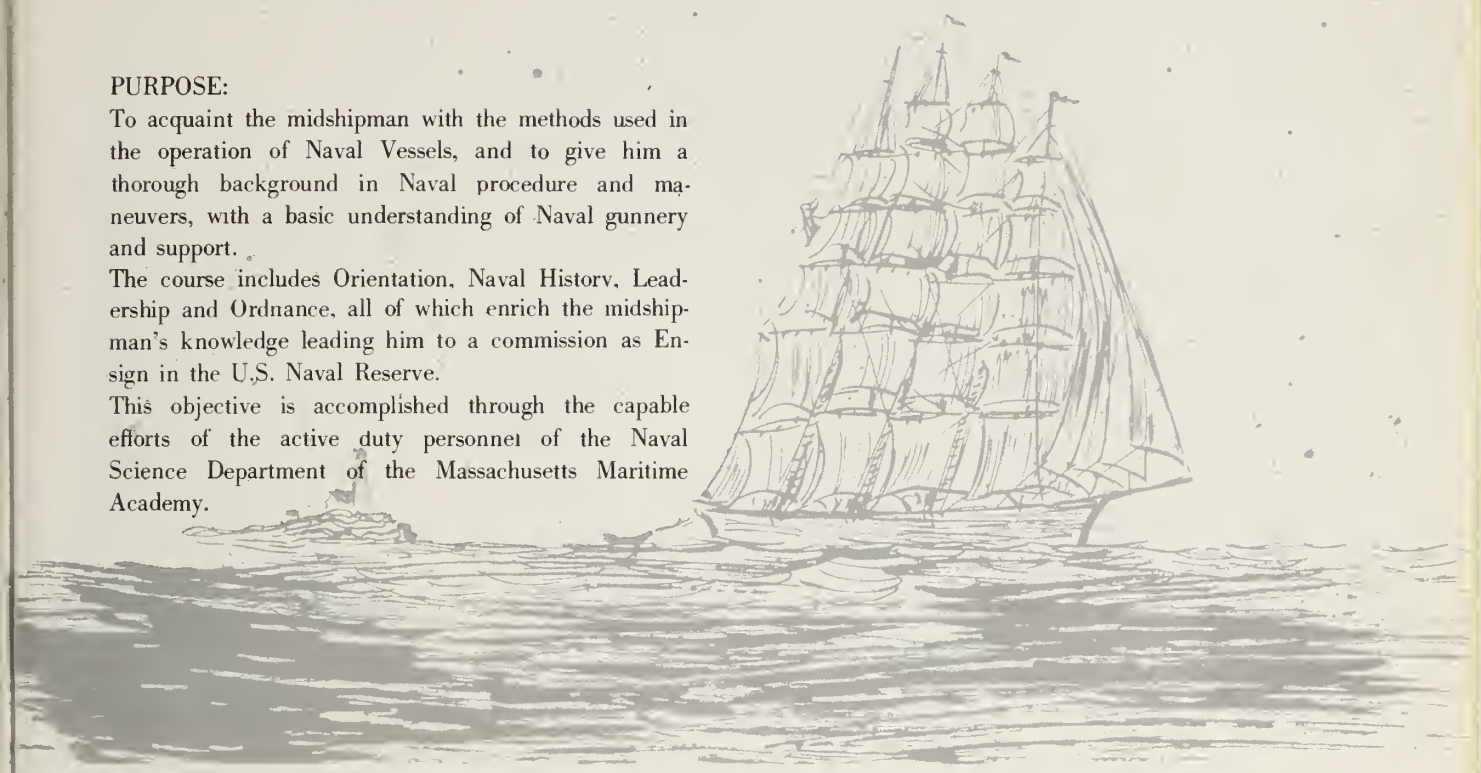
OBJECTIVE

PURPOSE:

To acquaint the midshipman with the methods used in the operation of Naval Vessels, and to give him a thorough background in Naval procedure and maneuvers, with a basic understanding of Naval gunnery and support.

The course includes Orientation, Naval History, Leadership and Ordnance, all of which enrich the midshipman's knowledge leading him to a commission as Ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

This objective is accomplished through the capable efforts of the active duty personnel of the Naval Science Department of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.



FTC W. F. Brooks U.S.N.
Naval Weapons Instructor

GMGC M. L. Sidell U.S.N.
Naval Weapons Instructor

RONALD G. COGHLAN
Principal Clerk

Born in Brooklyn, New York, Chief enlisted with the U.S. Navy in 1927. After serving throughout the Pacific during World War II, he became Chief Yeoman and later taught at Yeoman School, Bainbridge, Maryland, during the Korean conflict.

1957 brought retirement for the chief, after thirty years of a devoted Naval Career, and today he resides in Buzzards Bay with his wife and four children.

Chief is always willing to give a guiding hand to the corps, and deserves a sincere vote of "thanks" for his assistance to the midshipmen beyond his bounds as Principal Clerk of M.M.A.

"Hey Chief, is the liberty list ready yet?"

THE CHIEFS

"Chief," a native of Arlington, Mass., has been in uniform for the majority of his lifetime. After enlisting in the U.S. Army in 1937, he quickly rose to the grade of Master Sergeant. 1941 brought wedding bells for the chief, and today he is the father of a 16 year old son and a married daughter. Upon the outbreak of the Second World War, he was commissioned and served in the infantry and Military Police Corps acting as escort guard for the prisoners of war on our transports.

He has received due recognition for his participation in the action of Europe, Philippines, Korea, China, Japan, and for a short time in Hawaii, Guam and the Wake and Midway Islands.

The year 1959 saw retirement for the "chief" at the grade of Major, and shortly after he became employed as Security Police for the Atomic Energy Commission. Last year, however, chief saw where he was really 'needed,' and he came to M.M.A. where he can be found every morning at 6:01 greeting us with a hearty, "Cammon — Letzgooo" or telling us a "war story" on the mess deck as our Chief Master-at-Arms.

ADMISSIONS

Mrs. Elizebeth Johnson, Miss Evelyn Cronin.

OFFICE PERSONNEL

Miss Kathleen M. Robbins, Mrs. Jeanne Keating, Mr. Edmund S. Kenenski, not shown — Mrs. Delina O'Hare.

ACCOUNTING

DECK DEPARTMENT

Bosn. Tiedt (Ret.)

Rpmn. Raymond, Seife

Rad. Oper. W. A. Kent

Sea. R. A. Ripley

Hdmn. J. R. Tavares, Rpmn. R. D. Thompson.

Sea. J. Alden

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Cooks — A. T. Moniz, T. R. Beers.

Cooks — J. E. Lackie, D. K. Pollock.

missing — Cooks M. A. Avancena, E. Figueiredo

Wardroom — D. A. Bassett, W. H. Lima, C. Tatro.

DECKIES

GRADUATES

SINCE 1893, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has devoted a portion of its endeavors to the training of competent men to carry on the admirable maritime traditions for which this state is noted.

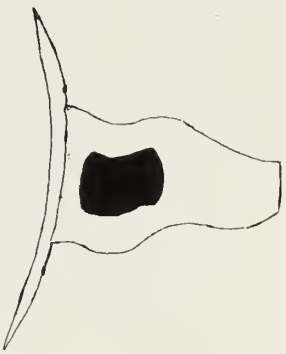
INNUMERABLE men have achieved the Bachelors Degree granted by the Academy; and through this small, but invaluable piece of parchment, they have acquired "fame and fortune" in all facets of maritime industries — as well as recognition for their courage in the Spanish-American, Korean and World Wars.

THIS YEAR, more than ever, these men are needed. With pride, the Academy will give forty-one of its men to the world, to carry on the fine traditions of this Academy and to seek their due "fame and fortune" that awaits the Massachusetts Maritime Academy graduating class of nineteen hundred and sixty five.

Tony Felos, Roy Saunders, John Finley, George Santry.

FIRST

DIVISION



"Finkley's First" they were called, the humping whiz kids who scattered paint chips and splashed paint brushes as Mr. Hirst did not think humanly possible. However, the credit and rewards were borne upon the shoulders of the divisions upper-jobs. It was their persistence and hard work that kept the division's morale at such a high peak. They worked so well as a unit, that they were occasionally awarded time off during anchoring details.

Of course, First Div. couldn't have been what it was without the able leadership of one J. W. Finley, commander-in-chief of the expeditionary forces of the Bay State. "First into every port" was the proud claim for these staunch troops. Everyone knew that darling John trusted his men implicitly; he must have, he was never arround! It just wasn't nice around old 1 Div. without good ole' John pal paying unwavering attention to each little individual discrepancy (for example, — the clogged valve in the storm oil tank of the forepeak. The Bay State had the best lubricated bow on the eastern seaboard.

Good old George, second in command, was a little confused the first half of the cruise. He thought he was a "second-job" and spent twenty five hours a day striping — funny thing, he was made Cadet Ensign! Well, after, that, he became almost as hard to find as John.

Tony ("Tex" — to his friends, all two of them) was not too apt with a chipping hammer, but he was always good for a war story when things got slow. His favorite subjects were 'Navy Subs' and 15 year old Stoughton Dames.

Roy — "Judas" — was there also (though most of us find that hard to believe). He was one of our proudest possessions, being the only member of 1/D to hold an honorary seat in the Century Club, (division spirit — you know), to say nothing of the long tedious hours he spent laying plans for the M.M.A. Main Gate sign.

We can't let our proud, over zealous division officer, Lt. T. F. Dorsey, be forgotten. He could chip and paint an entire kingpost single-handed, before the break! We all watched him do it. We owe a great deal of our "salts" to Mr. D, and you might say we learned from the BEST in the business.

John

Cadet Lieutenant
Circle K Club
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Running Fixes
Volleyball Team
Golf Team
Shellback
A.F.O.B.
Sociable Poker Player

JOHN WILLIAM FINLEY
30 WOODLAND STREET
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Back in 62', John came to us as a representative of Arlington's fine outstanding youth. Throughout his three years, John was always careful to keep up his hometown image. He did this by choosing his friends, carefully, studying diligently, always keeping on the right side of the law (both at the Academy and in the nearby towns he frequented), never causing commotions or trouble, and never bothering anyone unless it was absolutely necessary.

There were times when John relaxed, though, and occasionally one would hear John's quiet voice calmly arguing the theories of Hoyle with his refined friends. On other occasions, he could be found taking a few minutes off to watch television, attend a Halloween party, have a cold soda with the group or even have a date with one of the debutantes of Roxbury.

During our three cruises, John was always careful to go to the outstanding night spots, meet the better people, eat in only the right places and wink at only the higher class young ladies. He, and his friends, could be called "true ambassadors" of the good will and friendliness of Massachusetts.

As a First Classman, John showed his outstanding leadership qualities as Cadet Lieutenant of First Division.

Our memories of M.M.A. are sure to include John, and the best of success is wished for him. Fair sailing to an outstanding classmate.

George — Red

Cadet Ensign
Drill Team
Volleyball Team
Propeller Club
Flashing Light Club
Shellback
Gourmet Club
A.F.O.B.

GEORGE DANIEL SANTRY
421 OLD COLONY AVENUE
SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

After spending the first nineteen years of his life supervising shipping operations on the South Boston docks, our salt saw fit to bestow his vast marlinspike knowledge upon M.M.A. Although not an angler, Red's quiet, serious nature landed him a prominent position in navigation class. After overcoming algebraic difficulties, along with a fondness for "couth and culture" movies (a fondness which was curtailed rather abruptly), Red came up smelling like a rose. Through his undying efforts, don't let the term "effort" throw you, Red came up smelling as usual but with a stripe half way through his upper job cruise. On the cruise, his high moral standards and suave manners assured him of constant female companionship, but as everyone knows, Red's true love lies in Australia. Upon graduation, George will be missed almost as much as his Playboy magazines. In future years we won't be surprised to see him sailing for the Far East on a United States Line ship. Good sailing to a top salt.

Tony

Cross-Country Team
Soccer
Muster Staff
Bird Watchers (robins)
Running Fixes
Volleyball Team
Night Riders

ANTHONY PETER FELOS, JR.
720 PARK STREET
STOUGHTON, MASS.

Tony came to us all the way from "Sou'west Stowdin" with tales of fast cars and good lookin' women (or was it vice-versa?). He soon gave up his twinkee times for an honored position as a member of the luckless twelve. Thanks to Tony, we had an official light switch in "64," and a "Steel" nerved defender of the deckie compartment in "65."

One day, when he was aloft, he finally "saw it" and realized he wanted good solid decks beneath him. As a result, he became a capable winchman in first division. After his admirable performance, both on the soccer field and the cross-country course, we soon realized the "goood" sportsman capabilities of the "Golden Greek." We know he will die with his "booots" on.

If Tony can keep his famed nose out of trouble, we know that this salty submariner will find the easy road to a successful future. Fair sailing to a fine classmate seaman and friend.

ROY HAROLD SAUNDERS
4 SHOREMAN AVENUE
AMESBURY, MASS.

Roy

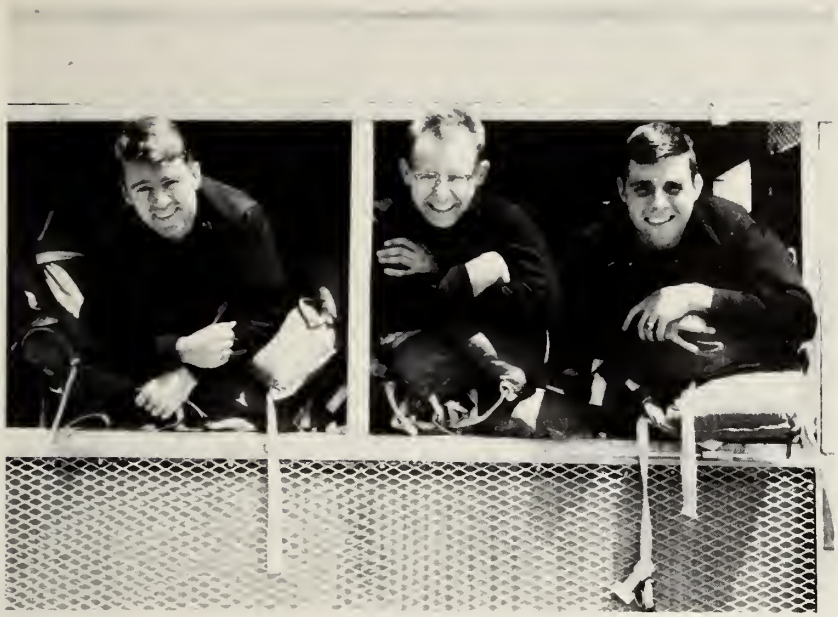
Roy, one of the "Outstanding" members of our class, began his memorable stay at M.M.A. by performing a disappearing act. His absence was just realized when "Judas" reappeared to face many weekends aboard, and eventually to become a radiant member of the Lucky 12.

Other accomplishments include Captains Mast, M.M.A. Car Stickers (special 25¢ each — 3 tor $1.00), old tests dated from 1620 (used as a basis for his new publication "Co-operate and Graduate"), and a shiny diamond ring.

Roy's abilities as a seaman, and his knack for diligent study are evident to all, and we realize that he'll be Uncle Sam's best educated "Buck Private — Third Mate."

The best is wished for Roy, and we know he'll be a success in his future goals.

CLAY



SECOND DIVISION

Ted Paige, Blair Hamblett, Paul Kelleher.

Division II

It was foggy, on those high spooky decks, that morning when the Duck waddled through his first inspection, preceded by that ever present whisp of smoke that manifests itself when least expected or desired. Suddenly there was a heavy treading down the 02 deck. As it grew louder, a dark form came closer and soon Duck recognized Lou Baggs, Jr., a refugee from the after swamp land "on it there." On the other side of the mountain in the port "nest" Kel, who fell to us from a yardarm, was squaring away a letter, er — a — we mean some line.

Things were quite often lonely and solitary up there in Second Div., since there were only three First classmen this year, Duck, Lou, and Kel; nevertheless, they aided us in gaining much experience through warping ships around docks and raising gangways as the ship was moved for the Governor's cruise, a hurricane scare, and throughout our training cruise. All this was done under the able leadership of our division officer, Lcdr. Alan MacNaughton. Duckie was an able striper also, and his instructions were explicit; "Quack, quack, quack, quack." — which roughly means, "Take two squids and swab the gull droppings on the 01 deck."

Since there is painting, scraping, soogiing, chipping and other kinds of interesting activities in Second Div., it is not strange that our First Classmen are seldom seen up in the scenic heights; except when Mr. MacNaughton had the deck.

But now the end of the year is closing, it is time for "Nasty" to send "The Three" on their way. Lou will probably drop over the side on some dark night and swim away, Kel will snap himself out through the gate with a guitar string, and the Duck will just fly away some morning, leaving "Awin" all alone to haunt that big iron mountain that rises from the middle of the Bay State.

Hutch

Cadet Lieutenant
Golf Team
Volleyball Team
Propeller Club
Honor Guard
Drill Team
A.F.O.B.
Shellback
North Shore Club

DAVID CHRISTEN HUTCHINGS
123 ELM STREET
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

"Reported missing from trans. boat, Marblehead harbor July 22, 1962, D. C. Hutchings." That was what they heard at home. The next morning, due to what we decided was an evil current, Hutch was hung up in the pilings of the state pier in Buzzaards Bay. We hauled him out, dried him off and with a whip! and a Quack! the boy was off to a highly successful hitch at Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge. Before his feathers had hardly fluffed Hutch had an extra weekend.

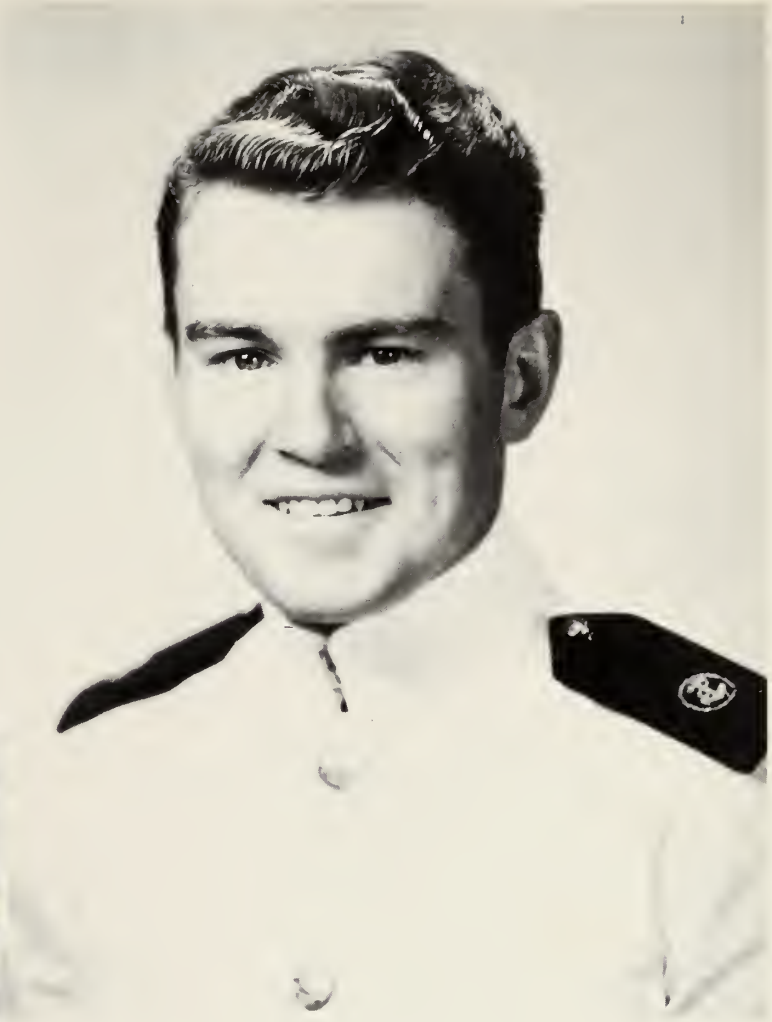
Second job year offered many opportunities for well placed compliments and helpful little extra jobs for Hutch placing him in a coveted position up in the Ivory Tower.

The big "2" came Hutch's way the following year in second div. Under excellent supervision the Duck kept the place in top shape, maintaining second division tradition, and keeping the boys happy.

No doubt, Dave will find a good berth where ever he goes. Bottoms up to a top classmate.

Lou

Cadet Petty Officer
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Circle K Club
Honor Guard
Muster Staff
Ring Committee
Phi Beta 1-50
Drill Team
Shellback
Running Fixes
North Shore Club
A.F.O.B.
Color Guard
Gourmet Club



WALTER EDWARD PAIGE, JR.
55 RANGE HEIGHTS ROAD
LYNN, MASS.

It wasn't long after Lou Jr. arrived at M.M.A. before he realized he had his own private stateroom — next to the barber shop. However, at the finish of his Brasso filled youngie year, he was bounced from one "Bum" division to another, and eventually found his home as CPO in second division. Nevertheless, Awin often wonders if Lou can find his bunk after taps. "Hey! Is Mac sacked in yet?"

Ted, "as his friends call him," is not only able to claim residence in all four divisions, but is also able to claim an attractive souvenir of Texas.

We all know that the "fair haired boy" will find success wherever his ticket may take him. Fair winds in the future to a true north shore seaman and a loyal classmate.

Kel

Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Circle K Club
Newman Club
Dance Committee
Cross-Country
Soccer (ret.)
Running Fixes
Drill Team
Shellback
Cruise Librarian
Phi Beta 1-50
Night Rider
Tareyton Trio
Keyholder

PAUL RAMSAY KELLEHER
TAYLOR POINT ROAD
PEMBROKE, MASS.

On that unforgettable July 23rd., M.M.A.'s answer to "Rat Music" entered the portals of the Annapolis of Southeastern Massachusetts.

Studies soon cramped Paul's style (in more ways than one) but, regardless of the "1-50 Blues," he strove to become an accomplished Night Rider and gained an honorary 5½ hr. billing, each weekend, at D.W.F. Park. However, when he found time to be at the Academy, he was either singing the "same old tune" with his tenor guitar, converting Newmanists, or giving advice to all the "kids." "Assumption is no substitute for knowledge." (amen)

As a Second Classman, Kel found himself swinging in the rigging — only to fall into Second Division for the final year of Academy living as an upper-job.

His last year at M.M.A. has brought an enjoyable sidelight for Paul — "Hey Kel, where's your ring?" Due to the formidable, unavoidable "gruesome threesome," he has been able to excell in a night course at Camp R. and in his graduate course at B.S.C.

We must offer our sincere gratitude to Paul, for his devotion as editor to this year's "Muster."

No doubt, his personality, ability and stature will insure his future goals. Smooth sailing to a true friend and shipmate.

Dan Skwyra, Andy Harvey, Andy Chester.

THIRD DIVISION

All work and no play was the motto of Lou's "salty" fantail gang. With the "Bald Eagle" cracking the whip; and his frustrated sidekick, the girl killer from Braintree — "Mr. N-1 Jacket" (still screaming, "It should have been me") dashing around and about, making sure that the fantail didn't rust away during the coffee break; and last and least, the forgettable "Herman Munster," on loan from the U.S. Army Commandoes, just waking up from three years of deep slumber because somebody yelled "free beer," we had our answer to the "Three Stooges."

Yet, far away, up in God's country, our real leader, Mr. Page, was dreaming of a square rigged clipper, that would carry him to far off places away from the idiots whom he was trying, vainly, to show a few of the countless tricks which only a sea dog as himself could know. Many a time we listened to him as he exclaimed, "Fellas!!! Fellas!!!, we never did it like that back on Isthmian!" followed by a lengthy explanation on the proper way to throw a heaving line.

All kidding aside however, we consider it a privilege to have been trained by one of the true "Masters of the trade," as evidenced by his years as a pilot on the great Panama Canal.

We all owe Mr. Page a debt of gratitude for persistence and guidance during our stay on the Bay State, "On it there!"

Andy

Cadet Lieutenant
Propeller Club
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Phi Beta 1-50
Volleyball Team

ANDREW DAVID CHESTER
17 EUTAW STREET
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Out of the skies of Lawrence came the golden haired eagle known as Chester. Eags for short. It seems our feathered friend had gotten his dates mixed up and had come a year earlier than the rest of the class. When the rest of the flock arrived the next year he was quite displeased at the idea of joining in but with a concerted effort he joined the flock and has had his chin pointed forever forward and upward.
In his second job year he perched himself in the back and not too much fluttering was heard. However when Andy turned upper job he got his two in third and immediately endeared himself for life with all the upper jobs engineers. We're sure they will all join in wishing him the best of luck.

Linus

Chief Petty Officer
Honor Guard
Band
Circle K Club
Phi Beta 1-50
S.S.S.O.A.
Gourmet Club

ANDREW MacMILLAN HARVEY
47 HAMILTON STREET
BRAINTREE, MASS.

It was a cold day when Andy came aboard, only eighty degrees, but with all the activities a third classman participates in, the cold weather didn't bother him, especially after he met Linus.

When Andy was assigned to Third Division he took an extraordinary interest in his work and in the division. At sea he was known to spend up to eighteen hours in third division, on the "rec deck." Of course, being versatile as all middies are, Andy also studied the heating system of the Bay State and tried to keep us as warm as possible.

With his wardrobe of selected clothes, picked up in his travels, and his ticket, Andy won't need all the luck we wish him to become a man of the world.

Dan — Sarge

Propeller Club
Running Fixes
Volleyball Team
F.O.B.
Shellback

DANIEL JOHN SKWYRA
8 RAYNOR STREET
BLACKSTONE, MASS.

What Blackstone lost the U.S. Army and the people of Bourdeaux, France, gained. Not to be outdone, M.M.A. quickly scooped up this "old man" before he could get settled in Blackstone.

Dan quickly got accustomed to the Academy way of living and probably had the "nicest" 3 years of any of us.

On the cruises, it can be said that Sarge, Dan, or Herman, was truly an ambassador of good will. Dan will long be remembered in the different far flung ports of call and Dan will always have memories of the times he had.

Although Dan never made the Dean's List here at M.M.A., he did come close by making the Superintendent's List a couple of times. With hard plugging and help from someone up there, Dan is now on the road to getting his well earned ticket.

Whether it's pink, broadway, 42nd Street or is it 43rd street; or Dan's distinguished timely laugh and never ending sense of humor, he will always be remembered as a good seaman and a friend to all.

Rick Stroud, Denis Ford.

NAV.

DIVISION

Navigation division, comprised of everything from the 03 and above, is headed by Cdr. William J. Connors, who is often heard saying, "At least 90%, and not one of you will make it." Due to the unrelenting pressure imposed by Cdr. Connors, nearly all the graduating deck midshipmen achieved a score of 90% or above in Navigation and Rules of the Road. In class you will often hear, "It's in the book in black and white. I'm not here to spoon feed anyone, from the three striper on down!"

Unlike the other deck divisions, most of our time is spent "inside," but work we do. The chipping hammers, rust, and paint are let go in favor of the pen, charts, and publications. All is much quieter this way. Being a first classman in Nav. Div. is considered to be a "deal." After learning the ropes in the two previous years, in the other divisions, you learn how the brain center of the Bay State works — with its joys and frustrations. Often comes the cry, "You're the cadet navigator, you tell me!!!?"

The function of the Navigation division is to assist the Navigator in his chores of maintaining and keeping up the various pieces of navigation equipment and the many publications used aboard the vessel. The knowledge gained in this way proves to be invaluable in the later years which put the men of Nav. Div. far ahead of their classmates for the years ahead.

It is not just these men, but all deck graduates who owe more than they can ever repay to Commander Connors, the one man above all others, who plays such an important part in preparing them for their licenses and their future years at sea.

Rick

Battalion Adjutant
Watch I Old Guard
Propeller Club
Sociable Poker Player
Volleyball Team
Shellback

RICHARD BRUCE STROUD
TREMONT STREET
DUXBURY, MASS.

As we looked to the Far East and the land of the rising sun, we saw the Ricky Maru steaming toward Cape Cod for a three year layover.

During this period, book cracking was never his chief activity, in fact, punting was always in order. In addition, his bunk (?) was nearly always in use. His marks, however, never indicated these procrastinating habits.

Shortly after Rick received his big three, his division was usually short of its upperclassmen. However, on occasion this prodigal son would find his way bridgeward, due to the oppressing paperwork in the office below.

In parting we would like to wish you the best of luck, Rick, hoping you will work as hard on the job as you did in avoiding them in the past three years.

Henry

Cadet Lieutenant
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Soccer Team, Mgr.
Cruise Librarian
Running Fixes
Volleyball Team
Shellback

DENNIS FRANCIS FORD
34 GREATON ROAD
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Fresh from the confines of total protection, this young lad was thrown upon the mercy of the M.M.A. system. Quickly bending under the pressure, he was soon to display the traits of a true midshipman.

Henry's second year revealed his unapproachable, but easily surpassed, proficiency in the art of communications, and many a weekend was served him, courtesy of the state. However, we know Henry's good fortunes were just beginning, when the stripes were handed out he became "Bill's right hand man." Starting out on the right foot (his left one) he quickly achieved the nickname of Bartlett II.

Good luck in the future, Henry, and may your Aldis lamp always be inoperable, so that your success in the future will be insured.

CADET

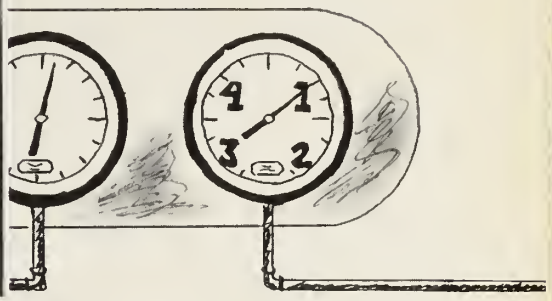
OFFICERS

STANDING: Hutchings, Finley, Ford, Chester, McClamery, Stroud, Ward, Hathaway, Miante, Coffin. *SITTING:* Adamson, Russell, Forand, Dunphy, Gell.

Batt. Cdr.	Oscar Forand
Batt. Adj.	Richard Stroud
Cdt. Lt.	Andrew Chester
Cdt. Lt.	Edward Adamson
Cdt. Lt.	John Finley
Cdt. Lt.	Denis Ford
Cdt. Lt.	Robert Gell
Cdt. Lt.	Philip Dunphy

Cdt. Lt.	William Russell
Cdt. Lt.	David Hutchings
Cdt. Ens.	Carl Coffin
Cdt. Ens.	Donald Hathaway
Cdt. Ens.	Gerald Miante
Cdt. Ens.	William McGlamery
Cdt. Ens.	George Santry
Cdt. Ens.	John Ward

SECTION ONE



Doc Prouty, Mr. Wright, Jim Dainis, Bill McGlamery, John Sullivan, Mr. Lacasse, Ed Adamson, Walt Czerney, Ron Carrol.

The "B.A.T." (Brotherhood of Ablebodied Tube-pluggers) was headed up this year by a wedge-shaped little head of perspiration known for his flashy smile and hatred of "Gutter Rats," as shown by his actions on the 1965 cruise. Backing him up was our one-striper, a cranberry picking Bogger who, when he wasn't masterminding new ways to get to Arizona, was busily at work thinking up new Bogger Jokes with which to convince the rest of the class that he was indeed a true Bogger.

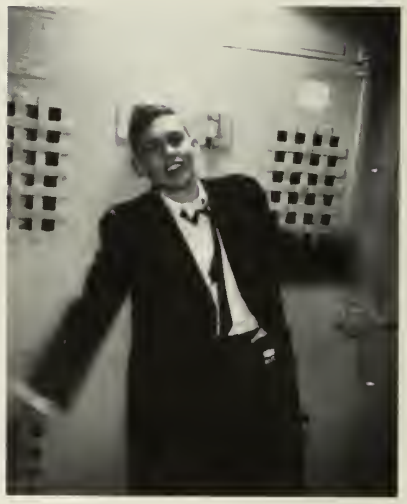
Our list of "peons" includes a window smashing gambler who absolutely refuses to go on liberty in any Texas port; an escapee from the Mr. Clean proving grounds; a rugged street fighter who hasn't found a pregnant woman between East Boston and Hyannis that he couldn't outrun; a Raynhamese laundry man who gave up his job as rabbit at the Raynham Dog Track to come to M.M.A. and wash clothes; and last but certainly not least, we'll never forget our unusually strange doctor who has been taking lessons in fatherhood (and making very good progress) for the past year and a half.

There was never a closer-knit group as the Watch One Pals stuck through thick and thin, much to the dismay of the Three Queens.

We thank Father Fred and Willie for guiding us through the year, and with their expert advice, we know we can't help but do the Wright thing in the future.

Ed

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch 1 Old Guard
Propeller Club
Weight Lifting Team



EDWARD JAMES ADAMSON
58 ROSEMONT ROAD
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Emerging from the flatlands of Weymouth, Ed, our answer to Bucky Beaver, came to MMA. Ed surprised us all by growing four inches in three years and also landing the big two in Watch 1. The latter was accomplished by a sudden change in cigarette brands (Salem to Parliament) during his second class year.

Ed ran into a few tough spots on our last cruise, but, due to his extreme good nature and talented feet, he came out unharmed. The "Gutter Rat" has yet to get over the brutal beating he sustained at the feet of our hero.

In spite of it all, Ed has proved to be a very diligent engineer. We all wish him luck, and feel certain that with Fred's advice and that 4.0 seat, he'll go a long way.

Bogger

Cadet Ensign
Soccer
Circle K Club
Honor Guard
Dance Committee
Muster Staff
Color Guard
Drill Team
Propeller Club

WILLIAM RUDOLPH McGLAMERY
32 SCHOOL STREET
HYANNIS, MASS.

On a hot, sunny day in July of 1962, there arrived, at the gates of MMA, a true bogger.

Bill came to the academy fresh out of high school with loads of ideas, but soon settled down to the quiet life of the "Bay State." Studies came easy to him, and except for one run-in with Naval Science, he found himself with plenty of extra liberty. With his hard work, quick wit, and many puns, Bill set his course for the Cadet Officer's office, and a striper slot in Watch I.

Bill has given us many nights of laughter, thanks to his subtle humor. We feel Bill is destined for bigger things in life, and we wish him best of luck here and in Arizona.

Ron

Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Golf Team
Soccer Team
Night Riders
Gamblers Anonymous
The Gorge

RONALD THOMAS CARROLL
44 WEST EAGLE STREET
EAST BOSTON, MASS.

One hot July morning in 1962 along with Uncle Al's weekly shipment of baloney came Ron Carroll, East Boston's standard bearer to MMA.

Although he found giving up his checkered pants and pointed shoes hard he was consoled by his new found friendship with a certain Boona. Although Ron's first trip to Hyannis had his eyes bulging Ron found that the couthness of North station was more to his liking. Our second job Spanish classes were turned into seminars by Ron's eloquence. And when he had a chance to make a connection in San Francisco during the cruise he came through as we always knew he would.

Ron's last year was spent in the Gorge with the rest of Wright's Warriors. He highlighted his upper job cruise by a bloody entanglement with a Curacao Beigen and a raid on the green felt tables of the rec deck by J. Edgar Pheasant.

Due to his Pea-coat locker education we feel sure that Ron will cause a big splash in any field he chooses to enter.

Walt

Ring Committee
Propeller Club
Ring Dance Committee
Spring Dance Committee
Honor Guard
Circle K Club
Laundry, Executive Manager
Turbine Team
The Gorge

WALTER JOHN CZERNY, JR.
276 ELM STREET
RAYNHAM, MASS.

One summer morning, Raynham lost one of its most influential citizens as Walter Czerny departed for Buzzard's Bay, and the "big city" life. The previous night, the entire population (13), threw him a "Get Out" or "Going Away" party. Solid in stature and high in spirit, Walt was not a bit discouraged when, on his first day, he dropped his tray in the chow line. After all, it did weigh two pounds, and there was a spoon on it.

Staunch physical training followed, but was soon relinquished for the greener pastures of the laundry. Mr. Clean (he took everyone to the cleaners), a rather flimsy member of the "Gorge," never said much, except for an occasional meeting with his "Ol Gran Dad."

During his last year at the academy, some shipmates thought Walt should be on stage (the next one to Tucson), but now graduation is upon us and he's made it. Walt's strong regard for employees was exemplified when a group of party goers almost drowned in suds. A life ring from the USS Tom, saved the day.

We wish Good Luck to Walt, and remind him that, "The eyes of Raynham are upon you."

Dusty

Cross Country Team
Muster Staff
Propeller Club
P.F. Crovo Fan Club
Archeology Club
Gourmet Club

JAMES GEORGE DAINIS
39 WORCESTER STREET
BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

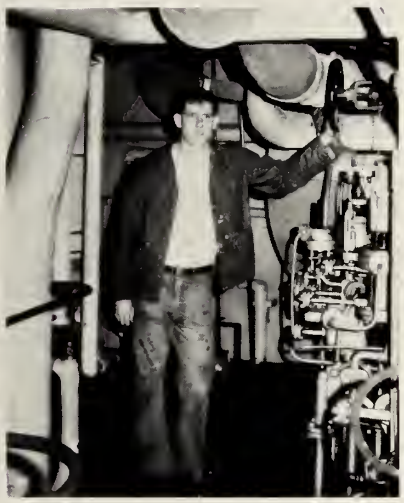
From farm boy to seaman in three short years would be an excellent beginning for a biography on Jim. Starting out though, Jim had a hard time deciding between a life at sea or a life in the field. Finally reaching a happy medium, Jim attended the academy, but always carried an ample supply of good farm loam as a reminder of earlier days.

A move from Middleboro to Bridgewater by Jim's parents, during his second class year, exposed him to the fast pace of city life. He enjoyed watching the city folk more than acting as one of them, and could often be found sitting on a park bench feeding the pigeons. Jim is a thrifty person — a dime can provide him with much joy. As early as our first cruise we realized his appreciation of fine cuisine. Jim's many nicknames would only serve to soil this publication but some of the less pungent are; "Tle White Knight," "Dusty," and most recently, "Eric."

A rolling stone gathers no moss and we hope the same for Jim as he travels the oceans of the world.

Doc

Propeller Club
Gourmet Club
Night Riders
Golf Team
Drill Team
Weight Lifting Team



DAVID ALLEN PROUTY
207 KEITH AVENUE EXT.
BROCKTON, MASS.

Having failed to win the Nobel Prize in medicine for the work in his favorite field, Doc, in one of his darkest hours, came to M.M.A. to serve three years as assistant ship's surgeon. After Harvard Medical School, studies at M.M.A. were a snap, and when marks were posted Doc was usually at the top of the list, much to everyone's chagrin and awe.

A fearless hunter in his own right, Doc could usually be seen stalking around the countyside, emitting his wild animal call, "Here kitty, kitty." To do Doc justice, it must be said that it wasn't very often that he'd return from a golf special without at least one "birdie," or a handful of feathers.

As an avid member of the Archeology Club, Doc could also be seen in search of the old ruins of many far off lands. It was a dull night for all if he returned from liberty without at least one "sea story."

To Doc we wish to extend our best wishes for a happy and prosperous future. With his many friends, good sense of humor, and magic Genie, he's sure to succeed.

Sully

Propeller Club
Couth and Culture Society (Director)
Gourmet Club
I.R.A.
Night Rider
Phi Beta 1-50
The Gorge
Shellback
Lt. (jg) Legion of Demerits

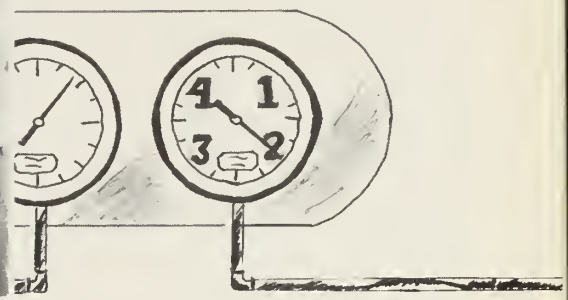
JOHN FRANCIS SULLIVAN
302 SOUTH STREET
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

"Happy days are here again, Sully's here to cheer again," yes, it only took Sull a few short months to settle down after arriving here in a state of shock. There were few occasions when he lost his smile, but we thought it gone for good when he tried to frown his way through that detector in Texas. Once again though honesty won out and Sully survived the threatened bounce.

Not easily discouraged, Sully set out to solve the problems of the world. While in Trinidad, he went to work on the racial problem by being so kind to a young marine. In Frisco he demonstrated his aloofness by showing that New Englanders are not stuffed shirts, and formed a happy little club.

With his ability to be well received everywhere, we feel certain Sully will be successful, and his luck will follow him to hell and back.

SECTION TWO



Gell, Mr. MacLeod, Kelley, Fears, Gibbons, Saunders, R. C., Mr. Tonello, Hathaway, Forand, Nott.

This year's brigade of Mario's Marauders, as usual contained the better part of the brass much to the consternation of everyone during leave period, except of course, Watch II. Mario is better known by the handle of Mr. Maintenance and this year, as in all the previous, the watch lived up to his standards.

With 'Bobbie Jobbie' MacLeod as the second in command, we enjoyed many long, long, conversations during those dull mids. We hope that Mr. MacLeod will continue this practice and keep next year's upper jobs up and awake with his new ideas.

'Aska Forand,' the ranking member of the 'Three Queens,' gave much inspiration to the watch as our four striper, as long as it's okay with a shertin Capt. Gus decided to withdraw his holdings in the corporation of 'El Cine Roble' when the board of directors awarded him only 25 shares to the projectionist's 50. Surely the little critic tried to be a little more generous.

Leading the watch this year was our answer to Miss America — Babbie Gell. Bob always led the watch straight, straight to the nearest mirror. But we can't complain because this is the first year that the color of the after heads has matched the odor, right Gibby?

'Dawnie Hathaway' was the last, but not the least, of the stripers this year. Actually there was more of Don than the other stripers put together. Cherry till now, we wonder if Don will be able to keep his perfect record.

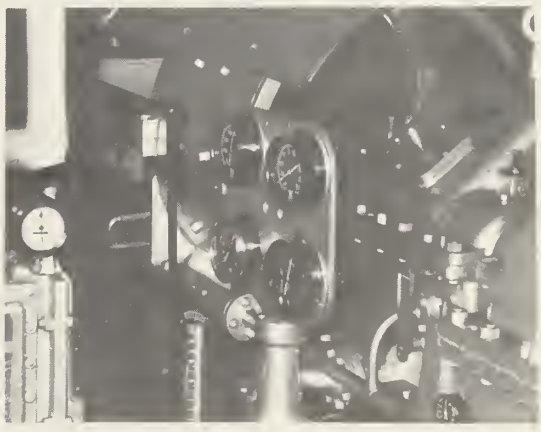
The only member of the watch who was bigger than Don was the head barber of the class, Jim Gibbons. Jim, excelling in math, and batting 1.000 with the fire axe, proved to be Mario's right hand man come cruise time, and the chief's top head cleaner after that. We are sure that Jim will be one of those quiet men who live only to have those Saturday afternoon visits to a funeral home.

One of the other treads in the watch was Skip Fears. He proved to have a good first name for in the last few weeks here he decided to skip studies and to skip over the fence. It was a shame that he had to skip liberty formations for the rest of the year too.

The last of our treads was Paul Kelly. The old 'Bulb' will long be remembered for his continued humming of 'Candy Man.' Paul has the dubious distinction of being the watchs' lube oil expert, right Angie? But we hope that Paul will watch his weight and not eat too much candy in the next few years.

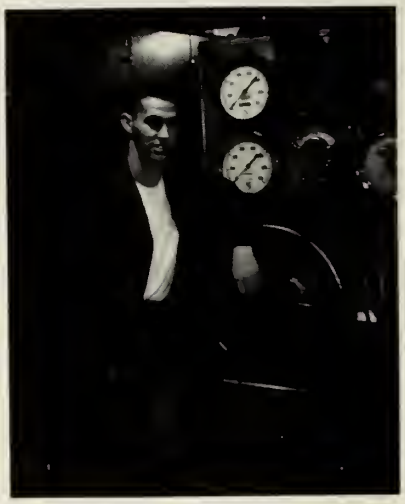
The lover of the watch, 'Torpedo Nott,' was the frustrated striper of the watch. After thinking over his loss of the stripes he figures, 'Without shoulders, where would I have put the boards?' But George made up for his loss by showing up the rest of the class with his Lady (?) killing in the land of the Bajans.

The last of our little kittens is Puss Saunders, Watch II's laundry worker. It must have been fairly profitible for him as he's the only member of the class driving a new MG-B. Hey Rodge, when do we get our cut? Rodger's "after the cruise war stories" really thrilled the folks at home, but he never did say if that Mexican sombrero fit the little Bandito.



Gus

Battalion Commander
Muster Staff
Ring Dance Committee
Machinist???
Triple Alliance



OSCAR HENRY FORAND, JR.
835 MAIN STREET
ACUSNET, MASS.

The summer of 62 found Jr. ROTC Lt. Colonel, Ret. ah, ah, ah, . . . I'm sorry sir, but I've forgotten your name: Oh yes Oscar (Gus) Forand, experiencing life as "youngie" at M.M.A. Gus soon won the confidence of his one striper, Charlie Box, who set him straight on the ways of a middie. Gathering momentum in Mario's work gang, his engineering ability was soon noticed in every respect but repairing ford engines.

Gus's career as a boat builder and Ford mechanic came to an abrupt end in his upper job year, when his interest changed from things mechanical to things female.

Through his ability and determination, Gus has risen to the peak in all his undertakings, and there is little doubt that he will become a leader in his chosen field.

Bob

Cadet Lieutenant
Circle K Club
Drill Team
Rifle Team
Propeller Club
Weight Lifting Club
Triple Alliance

ROBER ARTHUR GELL
400 LUTHER AVENUE
SOMERSET, MASS.

It was back in July of "62" when poor Bob first rolled through the gates of M.M.A. Already an accomplished sailor, his upper job pals and classmates squared him away fast to cramped shipboard life. But that Fall River accent had to go, so Bob spent many long hours in front of a mirror trying to correct that Somerset gook accent — to no avail!

His second year saw him an avid member of Mario's chain gang, in which he made a lasting impression and earned the twin bars of two.

The "65" cruise time came around, and Bob, the most experienced of the "Triple Alliance," led the attack in a port watch retaliation after a free night at the Bunny Club in Baltimore! Then, in Trinidad, on the generosity of some "Old Oak" Marines, Bob tottled back to the ship without noticing the discrepency of his job suit's right shoulder! Although he's an avid Chevy lover, Bob was rapidly selling B*U*I*C*K*S on five hatch that night! His sales pitch was poorly organized 'though, and he was quietly stowed away in a wire basket for the night! Bob had fun??? on all the cruises!!!

As fearless leader of the Watch Two Good Guys, Bob has proven his natural talent and abilities here, and we are sure he will continue to do so throughout life.

Don

Cadet Ensign
Band
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Weight Lifting Club
Triple Alliance

DONALD RODMAN HATHAWAY
925 LOBY STREET
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

From the Ole Whaler's town of New Bedford came our "SLIM" one-striper of Mario's Hustle Division.
Appearing in the year '62, Don didn't take long in becoming a cozy youngie. He rode through the first two years at MMA unmorganized and "cherry" in the demerit department. Then easy life and Upper Joh year arrived. "Hiawatha" was the sound echoing from Watch 2's Engine Room, as Don cheerfully greeted his second johs at morning turn-to!

While thoroughly enjoying the '65 cruise, Don could be caught chasing "Cotton Tails" or raising glassy eyeballs in Trinidad. Quite strangely, though, after two years of devoutly improving Portuguese-Irish relations, Hathpot resigned his diplomatic duties!
Now free lancing, Don won't let anything get in the way of the more feminine things of life (except maybe that Merchie payroll!!!) In the near future, we expect to see the sign "Chief Engineer" over his door!

Skip

Circle K Club
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Boggers, Inc.
C.C.S.G.A.
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Baseball
Night Riders (Ret.)
Century Club
Whofha Team

CHARLES C. FEARS, 3rd
84 WALKER STREET
FALMOUTH, MASS.

On August 8, 1961 came a large noise from Gloucester who unbeknownst to himself, became one of the exclusive members of "Phi Re Kappa Tread." The large noise, no less, eminated from a little fellow whom we soon found out was one of Gloucester's best. Many a weekend was spent listening to his tales, especially about one cute little blond from "up north."

His fondness for this little girl, and M.M.A.'s reputation for breaking young hearts soon took its toll, but our little friend took it with a grain of salt like the rest of us. After losing a hard fought battle to Cdr. Cease, Skip returned to master the great formulas of J.M.C. and gain rightful position in the top five.

Through all his hardships he has held a steady and determined course, and we are sure his determination will bring him lots of success in the future. Best of luck and smooth sailing to a great guy.

Gibby

Phi Re Kappa Tread
Class Barber
S.G.A.
Key Club
Playboy
Propeller Club
Rifle Team
Newman Club

JAMES BERNARD GIBBONS
45 GRANVILLE STREET
DORCHESTER, MASS.

One of the largest Midshipmen to enter the Academy, Jim had a little trouble with studies at first, but soon found the "key to success" along with a few others. Getting past the first weekend in August, Gibby found a bit tough, but somehow managed to make it only to run into Commander Cease.

Taking a course in embalming, many late nights were spent running between Grennon's and M.M.A. Proficient with a fire ax, Jim should have plenty of business if he ever decides to become a funeral director. Being a barber, and a top engineer, we are sure Jim will be a great success in life, and we wish him "bon appetite."

Kell

Phi Re Kappa Tread
Bogger's Inc.
Night Riders
Swimming Team
Newman Club
Propeller Club

PAUL BERNARD KELLY
MAIN STREET
BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Coming from Barnstable, Paul had his mind set on excelling in Naval Science and he did . . . after awhile. After this little setback, Kell overcame his weaknesses and with high ideals and a steady diet of "Candy" had little trouble the rest of his stay here at M.M.A.
Cruises were always a little problem with Paul cause he could never stand being away for so long, but, once we were under way he cheered up a little, after all, weren't we on our way home now?

We feel sure that he will always be an expert on the transferring of lube oil, along with his many other talents at engineering.
We are sure that Kell knows that all the jokes about his bald head and his married life were all meant in jest and that we respect him as one of the better Cadets in our class.
Whether at sea or on shore we wish him the best of luck and much success.

George

Soccer Team, Mgr.
Band
Circle K Club
Honor Guard
Literary Staff
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Asphalt Anglers
Gruesome Treesome

GEORGE H. NOTT
165 PIERCE ROAD
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

"Oh No!!!, It's an asphalt angel!"
"No, it's Nott" (with two T's)
George came to M.M.A. with everything from postage paid envelopes to extra job suit buttons, but no shoulder straps. After his bilge filled youngie year, he found himself an apt striper in watch three. Someone once said that if there were any snappers around that George might lose his nose.
"Georgie" was soon hailed as the casanova of our class. We often wonder if "G.H." stands for girl hustler, especially after many hours of everything from "Stormy" nights to Bajan sugar plantations — "She was beautiful!"
Now that George is finally 21 (can we ever forget?) and is proficient in building "lean fours," water skiing, and finding the "Tempest Inn," — we know that his good sportsmanship, acquired as soccer manager, will find him success wherever a needy engine room or an irresistable Playboy Club may require a "key" touch.
Prosperous sailing and fruitful days to fine seaman, a true friend and classmate.

Puss

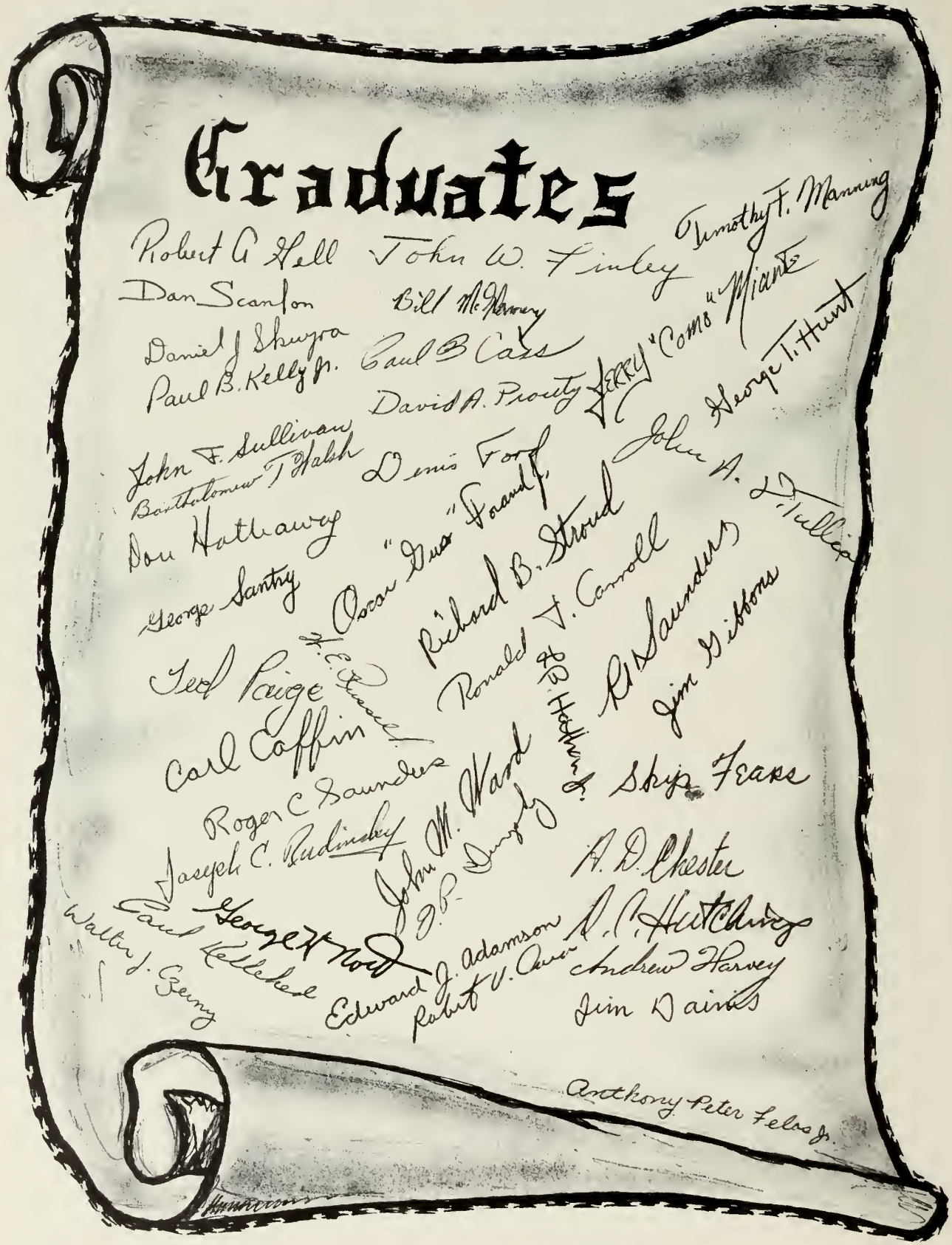
Honor Guard
Propeller Club
Circle K Club
A.C.N.E.
Band
Laundry

ROGER CARL SAUNDERS
155 WYATT ROAD
MIDDLETOWN, RHODE ISLAND

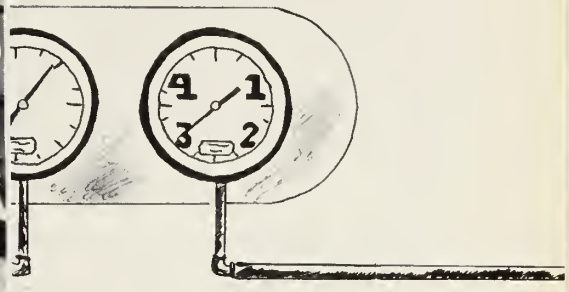
With Bible in one hand, and catnip in the other, Roger departed Gales Ferry determined to prove to the world that, although pusses do not like the water, they are still capable of going down to the sea in ships.

Shortly after reporting aboard the "BAY STATE" he found that boggers could be much more antagonistic than anything he had ever encountered in the canine set, but after learning to grin and bear it, this problem soon diminished considerably and Roger turned into a well adjusted middie, if there is such a thing. Development of his ability to sling a line was proven by nearly skyrocketing an unknown folk group to success in a San Francisco recording studio.

Except for one smoky experience in the shaft alleys, Roger has shown all the makings of a fine engineer. This, plus his uncanny ability to pack up his troubles in his old kit bag, will send him far down the road to many successes we wish for him. The best to a loyal classmate and a warm friend.


Graduates
Robert G Hall
John W. Finley
Timothy F. Manning
Dan Scanlon
Bill McHenry
Daniel J Shugrue
Paul B. Kelly Jr.
Paul B Cass
David A. Prouty
Jerry "Como" Miante
George T. Hunt
John F. Sullivan
Bartholomew T Walsh
Denis Foot
John A. Sullivan
Don Hathaway
Oscar "Dus" Foard Jr.
Richard B. Stroud
George Santry
Ted Paige
Ronald V. Carroll
Carl Caffin
Roger C Saunders
Jim Wilkins
Joseph C. Rudinsky
John M. Ward
Skip Fears
A. D. Chester
Edward J. Adamson
Robert V. Carr
Andrew Harvey
Jim Davis
Walter J. Berry
Anthony Peter Felos Jr.

SECTION THREE



Miante, Dunphy, Rudinsky, Walsh, Mr. Pratt, Caia, Mr. Hemmerly, Cass, Manning.

GOOD!!! Thus was heard the famous cry of Hank-a-tron, Watch III's noble leader. Under the guidance of Cdr. Hemmerly and Lcdr. Pratt, our watch has again emerged victorious: this time with the "distinction" of having to our credit twice as many demerits as any other Watch.

Following our fearless Cadet Officers "Peaches" and "Como Se de Mille," who managed to do more work than the rest of the watch put together, we accomplished absolutely NOTHING, which seems to be our tradition. On many of our days aboard ship, we were thrilled to spine-tingling tales about the wilds of Arizona narrated by our expert "Barnaby" Manning. Barnaby, who started out as a Forestry major at Arizona State College, somehow or other, while on a woodland patrol, stumbled aboard the BAY STATE on that fateful July morning. To Combat Barnaby's tales of the wooly west we had Jo-Jo Rudinsky. Jo-Jo, who hails from South Boston (or is it South Africa??) proved to be the one man in the group able to outdo him in stretching the imagination about anything.

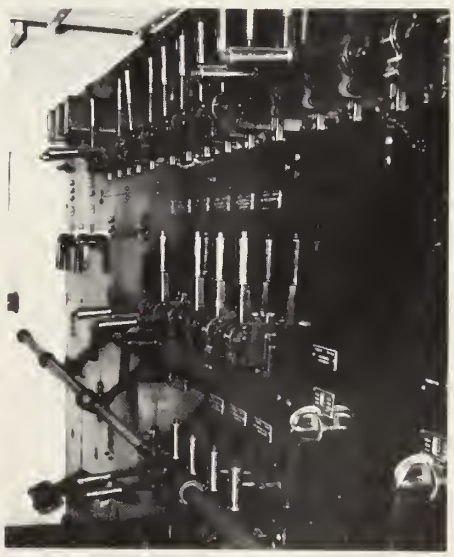
Several other Watch III "notables" include Como Se de Mille, whose first run showing of cruise movies nearly caused an international incident and showed us all how much he and Wally, who *surely* didn't understand the whole "upside-down affair" are "just friends." Then we are proud to claim the "Connoisseur," noted for his diversified talents in everything ranging to action on a Panamanian Rifle Range to inventing gourmet masterpieces on the mess deck and all to the accompaniment of the Haaarley Show.

We owe a debt of gratitude to our laundry representative "Barfly" Walsh for the whiteness of our skivies. Barfly, who always could be found standing in a puddle of sweat, did, however, try to get his job done for everyone's benefit. Also a member of "Our Gang" was "Mad-dog," Weston's answer to Al Capone. He was frequently noticed squirming about in a long Caddie courting the female population of Buzzard's Bay . . . "Peaches and cream, Peaches and Cream, we are the boys of the Bunny's team . . ." This was the war-cry of "Peaches" Dunphy, star soccer player and just as outstanding on the soccer field as in the New Yorker; this we discovered on many a dark night on the cruises.

SURELY, we could not close without announcing our "HONORary" Watch III member: ". . . inducted for his sincere interest and aid toward three of our charter members, Jerry, Paul, and Bob wish to present Wally with a roll of film, a gin fizz and a lost MMA class ring along with a large cigar . . ."

Well, we all wish Mr. Hemmerly and Mr. Pratt lots of luck with next year's Watch as we know there will never be another like us.

(Tim, before you leave, stop by Mr. Hemmerly's and pick up your N-1 jacket!!)



Phil

Soccer Team, Co-captain
C.I.C. All Star Soccer
Circle K Club
Ring Committee
Night Riders
Whofah Team

JOHN PHILIP DUNPHY
BAY ROAD
EASTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Early one clear July morning, a white form was observed clinging to a motorcycle, holding a half-inflated soccer ball and walking papers from three other institutions of higher learning. This was the academy's first look at England's answer to the poor soul.

After a few days here, Phil's military knowledge, gained at Kings' Point, began to show. His only obstacles to greatness were his inability to read a watch when it came time to return from liberty and his desire to eat after taps in the cadet officer's office.

Phil's ability to maintain absolute silence for long periods of time and his complacent attitude made him a perfect candidate for Hank's "Watch Three Happy Valley." After receiving the two stripes in Watch Three, he carried on the enjoyable tradition of the watch.

Phil's leadership abilities are not to be denied, and, as a three-year member of the soccer team, he was elected co-captain in his senior year.

Although he may have been the receiver of many a playful punch, his even disposition and easy-going attitude will bring him success in his chosen field. Best of luck to a fine classmate and friend.

Como

Cadet Ensign
Propeller Club
Rifle Club
Newman Club
El Cin Roble
Circle K Club
Muster Staff
Honor Guard
Drill Team

GERALD PETER MIANTE
404 BARKER STREET
WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

"La, la, la-la!!" Thus with a little jig, straight from Boston Latin (or was it English), Como began his youngie year. Adept in the use of the typewriter, Como Se' became well likcd among the upper jobs as the season for doing Blue Book questions rolled around. Chickadee, however, still monopolized most of his time. After a long year as a more than adequate tool, he was ready to begin his engineering career.

Spending a leisurely year helping engineering officers whenever possible, and missing the weekly sessions of "Kangaroo Court" others were so faithfully attending, Como was ready to pass into his final year.

Upon turning upper job and one-striper in Watch III, Como began displaying his many talents. As production engineer and operator of the cruise film "Just Friends," he received quite a shock when a representative from God's Country appeared. In spite of initial failure, the film went on to be a real favorite for "reviving old friends" when bored.

Whether it's Navy or Merchies, we know Como will do well and work hard to achieve his goal in life.

Mad Dog

Propeller Club
Newman Club
Century Club
Night Riders (Ret.)
Cross Country, Mgr.
Muster Staff

ROBERT VINCENT CAIA
53 DRABBINGTON WAY
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

MMA is proud to claim the world's sole fugitive from the famed "Early Bird" of the old familiar adage. Bob set out from Weston soon after high school graduation, and, despite his slow 'crawl,' arrived here in time to begin his 'illushtrioush' career in the Merchant Marine.

During our first year, he showed himself to be different since his lanyard bore not a knife but the prized possession of some 'mad dog.' All through his stay Bob was troubled by insomnia, but he found comfort in fresh-air drives to 'sit' with friends in East Bridgewater.

His activities of notable mention include healthful late-evening jaunts around the parking lot (in the snow), and scouting local talent in Buzzard Bay's Funland.

With his 'driving' experience and dazshling elocution, Bob is sure to find a rewarding future in or out of the Maritime Service.

Jack

Band
Cross Country
Rifle Team
Propeller Club
Century Club
Night Riders
Gourmet Club

PAUL BRENDAN CASS
43 ROCKNE AVENUE
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Heyyy! Change the channel!! With this now infamous quotation, accompanied by his trusty T.V. guide, Paul entered the "Bay State Home for little Wanderers" on that fateful morning of 23 July 1962.

Paul spent a quiet two years here before we realized his true wants in life. After we turned "Upper Job," we saw that his basic love lay in the T.V. set at 0700 every morning as the "Three Stooges" came on.

Since then, other then showing his capabilities as a first rate engineer, Paul has brought to us such inovations as the "garbage sangie" which consists of almost any thing that will fit between two slices of bread, and the "slumber club" which consists of anything that will fit between two sheets!

In addition, Paul has proven himself worthy of outstanding membership in the "Century Club," being the only one in the class to acquire a taste for "ginger ale" in Trinidad. *Surely* he won't make the same mistake again.

Best of luck in the future, Paul. We *surely* hope you reach your goal.

Manfred

Propeller Club
Advertising Committee
Gourmet Club
Golf Team
Soccer Team
Century Club
Phi Beta 1-50
Night Riders
The Gorge
Sociable Poker Player
Licensed Spanish Tutor

TIMOTHY FRANCIS MANNING
744 WASHINGTON STREET
SOUTH EASTON, MASSACHUSETTS

One warm Fall day, a horse and buggy took Tim from the farming community of Easton to the bright lights and gay college life of MMA. With his many tales of Arizona and lustful days in the old west, he was the envy of all.

His first two years were a continual battle with the "Bouncing Ball" and "El Senor," but with his farmyard background and his education at the Crossroads, he overcame them with ease.

Quick to fight but hard to please, Small in stature but big in ideas I'm sure Tim will succeed throughout the years.

Joe-Joe

Gourmet Club
Propeller Club
Archeology Club
Rifle Team
Weight Lifting Team

JOSEPH CHARLES RUDINSKY
611 EAST SEVENTH STREET
SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Once again South Boston sends us one of its dark horse candidates for enrollment at M.M.A. Rudi made himself right at home, and what the school didn't provide he asked Frank for. Rudi became quite friendly with the 1-50 list and had to move his base of operations to the Cape and cities farther south. During this time Rudi made many aquaintances and he still has a dark spot in his heart for some of them.

Rudi never failed to take every advantage, on the cruise, to see for himself the "old ruins." In every port, he spent the day at the "historic spots," and at night after liberty he would share his experiences with us.

We are sure that in the future Rudi will find new ruins to explore and be very successful shipping.

Bart

Newman Club
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Laundry
I.R.A.

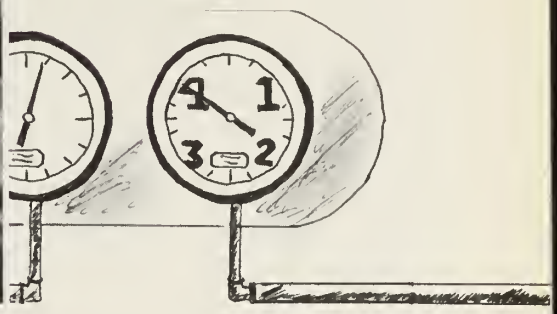
BARTHOLOMEW TIMOTHY WALSH
424 BOWDOIN STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Out of Southy, from O'Donnell's Irish Palace came MMA's own live Leprechaun. Being turned down by the I.R.A., for not having ankles, Bart decided to start his own company here at MMA. The meetings were often held in the laundry, where we would all gather to sing and sip our Irish tea. (Under the direction of Lt. Dorsey).

Though his powers as a Leprechaun weren't too strong, he often did little tricks like turning our whites different colors, such as grey or brown, and his disappearing act when report sheet was mentioned.

Bart's jovial personality, "Sweat," "Hard Work," "Perspiration," and good humor has won the admiration of all his classmates, and all of us want to wish Bart good luck in the future.

SECTION FOUR

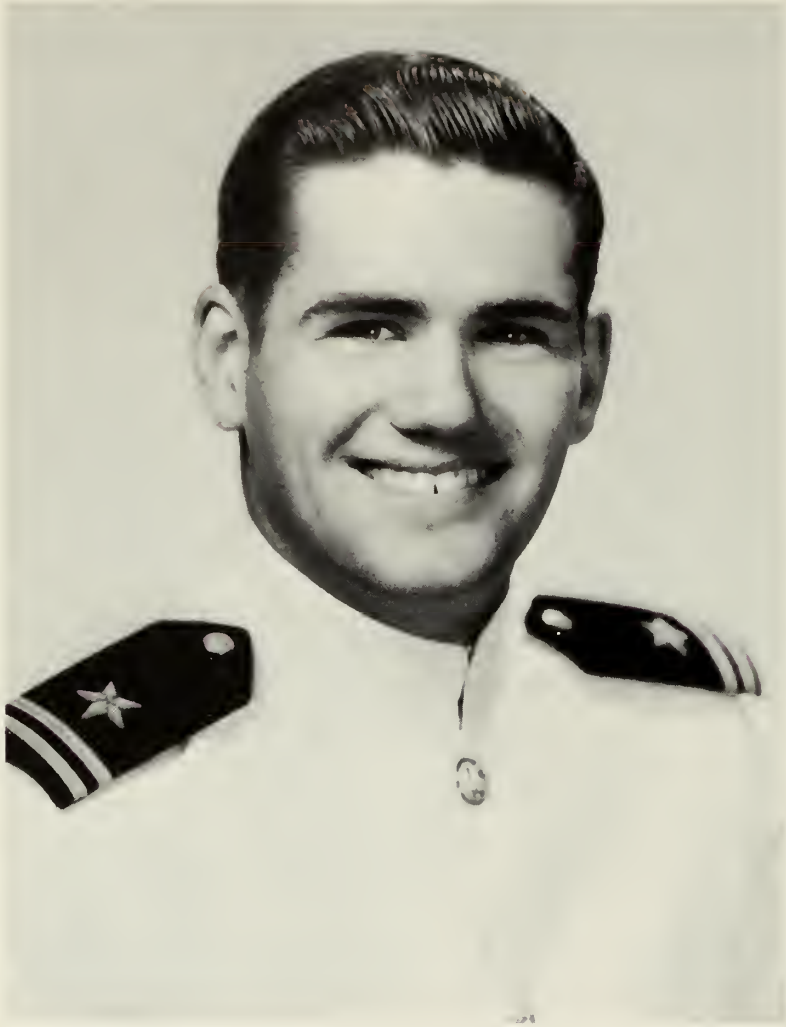


ROW 1: Ward, Hathorn, Russell. *ROW 2:* Scanlon, Mr. Crosby, Ditullio, Coffin, Mr. Maynard, Hunt.

"Now hear this, first call to Maintenance Formation!" So starts another day of work aboard the Bay State and the slow migration of Section IV upper-jobs, from their bunks to formation, is commenced.

Although this is a long and tiresome journey, eventually the pride of the evaps. began to arrive on the quarter deck. Usually the first to arrive is "Lennis the Lover," who has done amazing feats on the track team. He seems to have the uncanny ability to run on almost any given day (during the summer) around Taylors Point, and come back refreshed. Next to arrive is Jumpin' Jack, whose Commando tactics, picked up in the Air Force, allowed him to evade capture until shortly before graduation — when the class barber took a clipping himself. Arriving next on the scene will probably be "Georgie" who, equipped with his wrench and vast knowledge of engineering, is ready to tangle with any job. Next to arrive is Section IV's answer to science, Dan "Yackatan" Scanlon, whose unlimited knowledge of foreign languages and unprecedented ability to reproduce food within himself (even out of sunlight) has confused and amazed scientists throughout the world. Next come the Cadet Ensigns of this organized body of men. Carl "the musician" Coffin, being the first of the two to arrive, looks a great deal like grandma Moses after she fell off her rocking chair and broke her back. Close behind Carl is the other one-striper, John "the driver" Ward, whose praises for driver safety have been heard in every court room from Wareham to Winchester. Finally arriving on the scene is "Big Bill Russell," our illustrious two-striper. During his stay at M.M.A., Bill made many trips to Vermont and came back with starry eyes and empty pockets, much to the displeasure of a B.C. co-ed. We will always remember Bill for the "Russell Home and Cocktail Lounge for Little Wanderers."

Now that the watch is mustered upon the scene, the section IV Guiding Lights arrive, — Charle "The Jolly Green Giant" Maynard, Bill Hendy, and the star of the "Mr. Clean Trio" — "Bing" Crosby. To these three men we extend our thanks for contending with such a seasoned group of shirkers, and for giving us our "grin and bear it" attitude.



Bill

Cadet Lieutenant
S.G.A.
Soccer Team, Co-captain
Baseball
Golf
Shellback
Circle K Club
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Unholy Alliance

WILLIAM EDWARD RUSSEL
18 PARK VIEW DRIVE
HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

From the portals of Hingham High came "Big" Bill Russell, determined to put his name in lights as the athletic director of the class of "65."

He was unable to extend his own ideas during the first two years at the gulch; however, he managed to participate in soccer and baseball with great success.

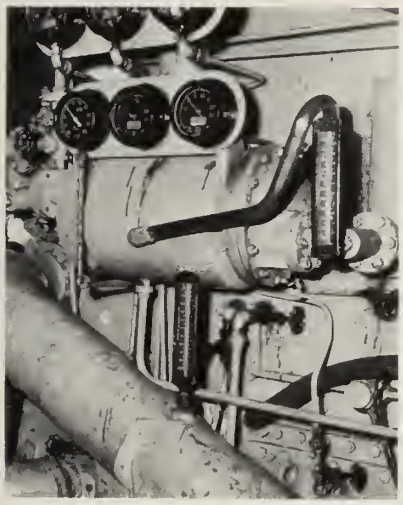
As a result of being in the right place at the right time continually, he received the two stripes, which he doesn't let anyone forget, particularly the underclassmen. He could always be heard giving orders in his quiet, unassuming manner with all cheerfulness, no matter what the situation.

Bill drove forward with his ideas to make the Class of "65" athletically inclined. He was chosen co-captain of the soccer team and had a very successful season although unable to convince his classmates that it was the sport to play. After soccer season, he organized basketball in an attempt to disrupt the N.S.A.C.; however he had to settle for Hoofah ball in bringing the battle to the N.S.A.C. home ground, but the N.S.A.C., in keeping with tradition, put up with the invasion of athletics.

Upon graduation, Bill should succeed in whatever field he enters through his unfailing determination to be accomplished in any undertaking. He has all the drive and ability necessary to be a success. Best luck to an all round guy and good sportsman.

John

Cadet Ensign
Drill Team
Honor Guard
Color Guard
Ship's Service



JOHN MICHAEL WARD
136 ROCKLAND STREET
CANTON, MASSACHUSETTS

It was a sorry day for Canton when John entered M.M.A., for it lost a top Ford mechanic while M.M.A. gained a souped up "Bobby Jobbie."

Soon John's mechanical ability was put to use in forming M.M.A.'s first "home made ice cream" store. After long hours of work with the assistance of "Lt. MacLeod" the ice cream monster became a reality.

"Hey John, here comes the Bunny Bread man." "Oh, I'll have to see Angie about this," was often heard around the campus.

We can't forget his part in helping keep the Drill Team and the Honor Guard up to par, and, his tireless efforts earned him the cadet ensign stripe in watch IV.

As an engineer John could always be counted on for getting a job done. To a reliable friend we say "Good Luck."

Carl

Band Master
Band
Circle K Club
Propeller Club
Lucky 7 Club
Phi Re Kappa Club
Golden Age Club
Ring Dance M.C.
Muster Staff

CARL PETER COFFIN
53 GREEN STREET
MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Laying down his sax and picking up his crescent wrench, Carl came from Marblehead to ply his wares at M.M.A. Becoming a charter member of "Phi Recappa Tread" in his youngie year, he decided to stick around to pick up his stripe on that second try. Many a night Granny could be seen chasing Judy, Karen, Monique, etc., etc., through his dreams. We are also sure that Wags will be every grateful for Carl's mothering and watching over her. Should have tried it on Jack, Carl!!!

Being already old and ready to retire, we are sure Carl has a few good years left, and with his unique humor and friendly manner, he will enjoy great success. After all, doesn't everyone in a rocking chair?

Jack

Baseball
Soccer Team
Circle K Club
Night Riders
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Whofah Team
Shellback
Couth and Culture Club, Connoisseur
Century Club

JOHN ANTHONY DITULLIO
8 FRENCH STREET
HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Out of the blue of the Hingham sky came the Air Force's addition to the Class of '65. Jack came to the academy with a bag full of stories and a mind jammed with confused electronic data.

Although he encountered little difficulty adapting to the new way of life, it was his leadership ability in the key club that kept him out of any serious academic trouble. His unquestionable desire to learn, was only exemplified by his continued interest in Mr. Yard's knot book upon his entrance into his second class engineer year.

As a First Classman, Jack felt he had found the one thing that could occupy his time — Cari, Wags, Judy and Ellen, etc., etc., etc. Sometimes this pastime gets a little involved, but the answers always seem to come out on the Prudential Tracer.

As a class barber, Jack's knack at cutting up was put to good use. With his natural aggressiveness and his ability to get the job done, Jack is destined to succeed in whatever field of endeavor he may choose. Best of luck to a great classmate and friend.

George

Soccer Team
Propeller Club
Century Club
A.A.
Shellback

GEORGE TAYLOR HUNT
2 ALICE WALK
HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

H-H-Have you g-g-got fifteen m-minutes? I'd like t-t-to have a f-five minute chat with you." These words were mumbled . . . er spoken on July 23, 1962 as Hingham's representative to "The M.M.A. Home For Little Wanderers" came over the gangway for the first time.

Accustomed to sea life as George was, he had no trouble in making the adjustments to the Bay State and soon he was right at home. In addition to being a competent seaman with either steam or sail, George also has a fine sense of humor and can't help but be successful in whatever field he chooses.

Lennie

Gourmet Club
Night Riders
Propeller Club

LEONARD BAILEY HATHON
48 PROSPECT STREET
NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

When the O.W. first sighted this young man swaggering through the gate of M.M.A., dressed in a black leather jacket and boots, he figured that this youth had lost his way to a gang fight and was seeking refuge for the night.

Lenny's first year went by without a hitch, as he had a few connections in the class of upper jobs. But smooth sailing was soon to be disrupted by a certain hurricane "Priscilla." Undoubtedly, everyone will remember the twenty-nine cent ring affair, which gave us all quite a jolt.

With his quiet, sincere way, and excellent engineering aptitude, we are sure Lenny will go a long way up the ladder of success.

Dan

Baseball
Phi-Beta 1-50
The Gorge
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Weight Lifting Club
The 1/E Turbines
Watch IV Old Guard

DANIEL JOSEPH SCANLON
26 CHESTER STREET
LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

On a 'dweary' day in July, 1962, 'Wowell' sent their Ambassador of Good Humor to M.M.A. During his first year, youngie Dan was always ready to provide a needed tool for any upper job, and was rewarded for his distinguished service by being able to wear service dress blues to the Equador Crossing Ceremonies.

After a tedious 30 second decision, Ole' D.J. found himself berthed in the engineer compartment for the remainder of his academy life. However, with crescent wrench and paint brush in hand, Scans disappeared into the depths of the shaft alley for the major portion of his time.

Dan's unlimited ambassadorial abilities were witnessed during his upper job cruise when the international word "yakatan" acquired its true meaning in Curacao. We also recall ole' Scans in Barbados as he stood, with one foot on the pier and the other on the rapidly departing liberty launch, conveying his departing sentiments to a friendly islander.

After "Slippery Scans," the notorious sweating gambler, was brought to justice, Dan settled down to some earnest license studying.

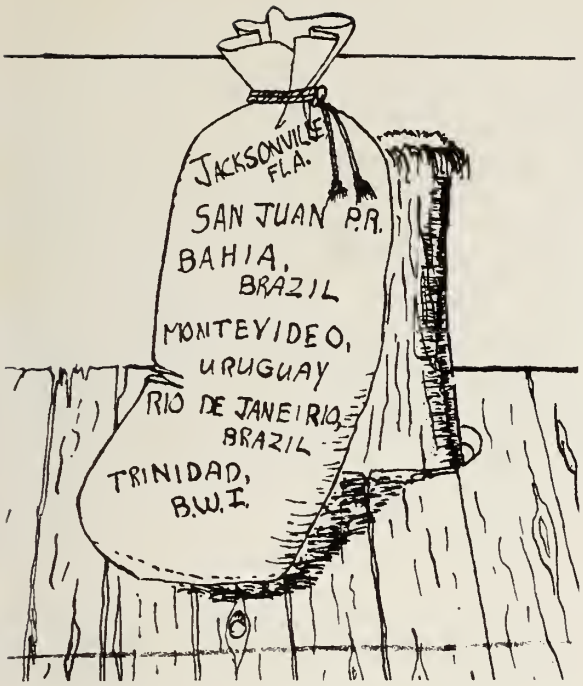
With Dan's qualifying engineering ability and his devoted efforts, he is sure to find his well earned success. The Best to a good friend and apt engineer.

CRUISES

IN KEEPING with the mode of maritime education and training that this Academy is devoted to, the midshipmen are exposed to all facets of maritime knowledge that they are required to achieve in order to be called United States Merchant Marine Officers. This accumulation of knowledge cannot be throughly acquired in the classroom alone; therefore, the academies training ships (RANGER, NANTUCKET, CHARLESTON and at present BAY STATE) have embarked on annual training cruises for the purpose of putting into practice the theoretical work done in the engineering and deck departments at the Academy.

ALSO, on these cruises there is much knowledge acquired in the ports visited. The study of the people and their language, their mode of living, their economic standards and historical places of interest, are all very broadening to the intellect.

Cruise 63'



January 7, 1963, and the beginning of our first cruise, marked an important milestone in our "careers" as youngies aboard the Bay State. With the droning of the engines warming up for the first leg of our 12,000 mile trip, we bade farewell to friends and relatives on the dock, and the Bay State headed South toward warm weather. There were sly grins on the faces of all the middies as the chunks of ice floated by. We hoped that would be the last time we'd see any ice for a long time to come.

It was hard to believe, at first, that what we had known as "home" for the past six months, was now plowing thru the water at better than 12 knots. And they said it couldn't be done!

It seemed that as the sun went down, the sea came up. And soon we were rolling back and forth like a toy boat in a bathtub. There must have been a direct ratio between the roughness of the sea and the number of middies standing over the Mississippi in the youngie heads. But everything came out all right, and soon we were used to the feeling of being tossed about by the waves.

Our first four days at sea finally did go by, and on the morning of 11 January, we anchored near Rawls Bros. Shipyard in Jacksonville, Fla. where we were to spend the next week and a half undergoing annual repairs. On liberty in Jax, we were treated to tours, dances, or just watching T.V. by the U.S.O. For those who preferred a little more couth and culture, the Canary Bar provided just that.

The repairs completed, and the Bay State ready to go again, we left Jacksonville and its smelly St. John's River, and set sail for San Juan.

San Juan was our first foreign port, and we were thoroughly reminded to stay out of bars, trouble, and houses of . . .! This was good advice which we strictly adherred to from liberty formation until the foot of the gangway!

While in San Juan, the middies were invited to a cocktail party given by the Mayor for Joe Louis. Soon, after the party started, many middies were flowing as freely as the liquor, but they served their penance when they woke up the next morning.

Now, with a ten day run ahead of us, we left San Juan en route to Bahia San Salvador, Brazil. After a few days at sea, we were almost on top of the equator. For those

who didn't realize this, it was soon made evident to all by the appearance of King Neptune himself. We found that because none of the second jobs or youngies had ever been across the equator, and were therefore termed "Pollywogs," there would soon be a ceremony performed by the upper jobs, who were all "Shellbacks," upon us less fortunates. And it was!

Bahia turned out to be one of the hottest ports of the cruise. Both weather — and otherwise. It didn't take long to discover the "Scissors Club" and other like establishments. Also, at night, the British Club put on dances for each watch. We had no trouble communicating with the Brazilians due to our mastery of the Spanish language.

Gift shops were numerous here, and it wasn't long before our lockers were bursting with souvenirs for the people back home.

Leaving Bahia, the Bay State headed still further South for Montevideo, Uraguay. Montevideo is the largest city in Uraguay and has a population of over 3,000,000 people. We arrived on the 18th of February and waited for the pilot to take us in to the dock. Businessmen and merchants awaited us after liberty formation, and drove us to various leather goods markets where they hoped we would spend our money on pocketbooks and clothes of unborn calf skin, but not much money was spent at all.

A tour of Montevideo was well worth the time and money, as there were many beautiful old buildings and parks to see. We all wished we had planned to stay longer in the old city, but three short days after our arrival, we were again at sea bound for Rio.

We reached Rio just in time to join in the festivities that take place before ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent. Carnival time in Rio is much like the celebrating at Mardi Gras in New Orleans. The streets were full of dancing natives (and of course, middies) from early evening till dawn. Also in Rio is the famous Copacabana Beach, and Sugar Loaf Mt. which must be seen to be

really appreciated. Our week in Rio won't be forgotten in a hurry, and there isn't one of us who wouldn't love to return for a few days in the years to come, and relive at least one more Carnival.

The U.S. Naval Station at Trinidad was our last port of the cruise, and it was great to eat real american food for the first time in almost three months. The E. M. Club on the base provided the necessary ingredients to quench our thirst. By this time we were all looking forward to our return home, but this was delayed a few days due to boiler trouble. At last we were at sea for the last time of the cruise, and Mother Nature saw to it that we wouldn't

forget those last six days between Trinidad and Buzzards Bay. But by then we were experienced sailors, and Mother Nature would have to wait till next year to get us.

The Cape Cod Canal never looked so good as we tied up at the State Pier at the Academy, amid the cheers of hundreds of waiting loved ones.

Dear [redacted]

If you feel that this "fixation" will ruin your future insofar as marriage is concerned, then I would say there is only one thing to do... call the marriage off.

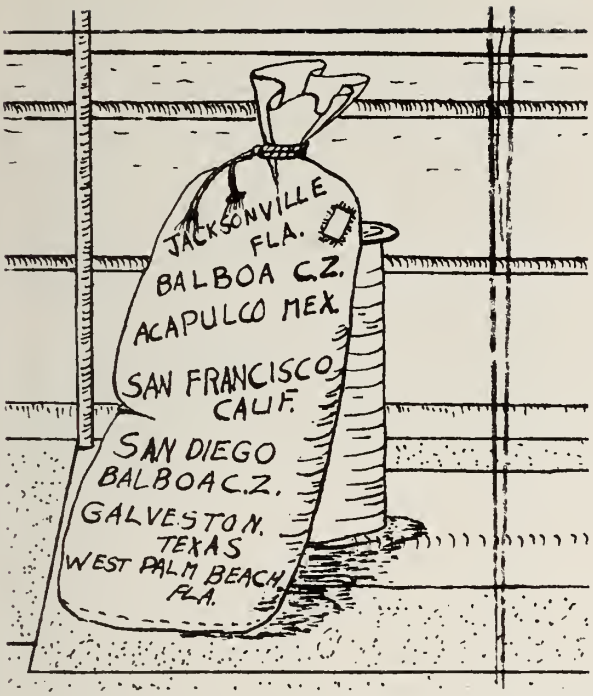
And, explain to the girl why you are doing so.

After this...keep your bizarre suggestions to yourself.

Good luck.

Arby

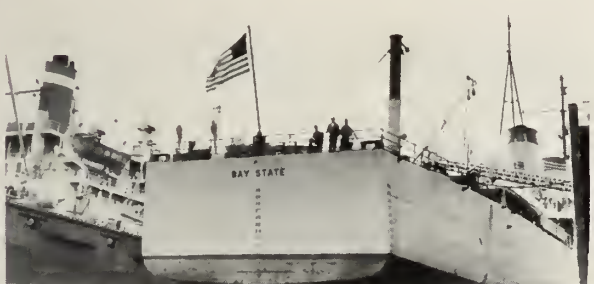
Cruise 64'



It didn't take long for cruise time to roll around again, and before we knew it, it was 7 January again, and we were leaving on our second cruise. This cruise was looked forward to with eagerness, since now there were new youngies to sort the laundry and do all the dirty work.

Our first stop was, once again, Jacksonville, Florida. This was more or less a repeat of our first cruise, but we managed to bear the boredom of Jacksonville by returning to the Canary and other well known spots throughout the city. Soon, the drydock period was over, and we headed out to sea for Panama, our first foreign port of the cruise. We docked at the Naval Station in Balboa after spending about nine hours passing through the 50 mile long Panama Canal. The thrill of being raised and lowered in the locks of the canal is something that just can't be described very easily.

Because of the trouble they were having in the city of Panama at the time, the middies were prohibited from leaving the Canal Zone, which includes 5 miles on either side of the canal. The facilities of the base were open to us however, so there was plenty to do and see. This was only the first of two stops we were to make in Panama, so anything that was missed the first time was not overlooked on our return trip through the canal.



Upon leaving Panama, and dumping both stacks full of soot and black smoke on the Navy, we passed under the New bridge and headed out into the Pacific.

The Pacific Ocean certainly earned its name, as we had days and days of perfectly smooth sailing before we anchored off of Acapulco, Mexico. Because of having to anchor about a mile off shore, it was necessary to use the liberty launch to go ashore. A typical tourist trap, Acapulco was overflowing with gift shops and sidewalk marketplaces in which to spend much time and money in pursuit of souvenirs and gifts for those at home. You can bet that when the Bay State pulled up her anchor to set sail for San Francisco, she was about three inches lower in the water with the weight of 500 sombreros, blankets, straw bags, serapes, etc.

Six days after leaving Acapulco, we sighted the Golden Gate Bridge across the entrance to San Francisco Bay. As the cameras clicked and whined, we came upon another well known landmark, Alcatraz Island, the location of the federal penitentiary. Alcatraz is now closed, but is still a gloomy monument to those who have lived and died there.

Leg muscles got a workout walking up and down those San Francisco hills, but it was well worth the money spent on Ben-Gay to see all the places we had heard about all our lives. Most expensive, was Ed's Place where a lot of middies got taken for a load.

Our stay in Frisco was ended after almost a week in the great city. We then started the second half of the cruise by turning around and heading South again. Right away, we stopped in San Diego for a four day stay. This was a

typical Navy town, and nobody minded when the Bay State pulled in her lines and began a ten day run back to Panama.

The second stop in Panama was much the same as the first, with a few curious middies venturing over the line into Panama City. But after four more days of swimming, sunning, and, of course, drinking milk shakes the ship passed through the Canal once more and was soon back in the Atlantic.

Our next port was Galveston, Texas. There, we were given the opportunity to visit the world's only nuclear merchant ship, the N.S. Savannah, which was docked in Galveston at the time.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in true middie fashion in Galveston, as we drank green beer and ate green sandwiches. Also we were treated to a tour through the Falstaff Brewery, after which we were allowed to try out as professional brew tasters.

But with St. Patrick's Day behind us, we were soon on our way to West Palm Beach, Florida. We stayed there for only three days, but that was enough to give everyone a chance to drop down to Fort Lauderdale or Miami just to say they had been there. Finally, leaving Palm Beach, and all the warm weather behind us, we set sail for our last port of the cruise . . . Boston, Mass., where we were once again greeted by friends and relatives whom we hadn't seen since early in January.

Cruise 65'

January 5, 1965 was the day we had been waiting for since we first entered the Academy. The begining of our upper-job cruise! The deck chairs, bicycles, and reading material had all been loaded on board weeks before in anticipation of our last, and most relaxing cruise. Once the lines were cast off at the Gulch, every upper-job bunk was filled . . . and was to stay that way for the next two and a half months.

We went to Baltimore Md. for dry-dock this time. Nothing could be any worse than Jacksonville, so we were eager to see what Baltimore had to offer. As it turned out, if you were among the lucky few to bum a ride into town, you had it made. But those five miles into town could be pretty long if you had to walk them.

The 203 Tavern was the delight of every middie. There was a better attendance there than at a check muster on board, and none of us will forget the hospitality shown to us by Les, Maggie, and of course Chicken Sam and Willie Lump Lump.

But, like all good things, Baltimore and the 203 had to come to an end, as the Bay State sailed out of Chesapeake Bay en route to Curacao, a small island in the Netherlands Antilles. There, we were greeted by another brewery, however preference was shown toward the Campo Allegro, or Happy Valley, where many baskets of fruit were left behind.

Curacao was another tourist trap, and had many shops in which to pick up souvenirs. Another feature of the island was the pontoon bridge which swung across the canal.

Our next port of call was another tiny island, this time in the British West Indies, by the name of Barbados. Here, the highlights included "Harry's Nightery," "The New

Yorker," and "The Accra Beach Club." Good weather made our stay in Barbados a happy one, and with sad hearts we raised the anchor, made plans for our re-invasion of Trinidad. What we didn't destroy two years previous, we would this time. Once again, the E.M. Club loomed as the most inviting place to spend an afternoon and evening. After Joe-Joe celebrated his birthday by giving the swab jockies at the E.M.C. some extra duty, we wondered if we'd be welcome back. We probably weren't, but they were polite enough not to tell us. Trinidad was

also the scene of the now famous "Heeyyyy – Surely" debates which, by the way, ended up with the Heeyyy team winning, one-hundred to zero!

Departure day was almost held up again due to leaky boiler tubes, but thanks to Father Fred and his Tube Pluggers Local, we were able to leave on time and visit the last foreign port of the cruise.

Barranquilla, Colombia was starting its Carnival celebrations, and the middies were invited to a gala festival honoring the occasion. It was on the bus going back to the ship that we learned what an unholy terror our little lead-

er of Watch One was. With teeth flashing and fists flying he succeeded in nearly wrecking the bus along with a certain O.H. Battalion Commander Jr.

Also, this quiet little haven was the scene of the Great Hoax in which two of our most Romeoic middies were invited out by two very charming young ladies, and left a twenty dollar "tip" to show their gratitude. One of them admitted he got fished in, but the other insists he was not.

Not to be forgotten were the many CORE (Cans of Ravioli from Everyone) Packages that were sent ashore in Barran-

quilla in return for rotten alligators and cigarette holders which held together almost all the way to Brownsville. It was on the way to Brownsville that the notorious gambling ring aboard the Bay State was uncovered by Detective James Bondlaw, otherwise known as Secret Agent #0086. Due to Agent Bondlaw's brilliant work, the ring, which grossed over $0.07 per cruise, was broken up, and law and order was once again restored, with Slippery Scans, Coniving Carl, Riverboat Ron, Shady Sully, and Casino Czerns being relieved of the work involved in getting ready for the Brownsville liberty formations.

Brownsville was the next port for us to wear out our welcome. Most of the liberty time was spent in Matamoras, Mexico, just over the border from Texas. There, we bought most of the souvenirs that were to be brought back to the States.

With only Miami, Florida, left for us between Texas and Boston, we were all eager to leave Brownsville, and get to Miami as soon as possible. There, we were greeted by a two mile walk into town (and back), and plenty of "refueling" stations in which to quench our never dying

thirsts. Once again, the weather was fine, and we got a chance to get our final tans before returning to our snowy hometowns, a week later.

The last run up to Boston was cut short by a day, allowing many of us to celebrate St. Patty's Day in style. What we didn't know about how to celebrate, was fully explained and shown to us by St. Bartly, our little green mascot of 1-E! But the best feeling, was the fact that the next time we'd set sail for any port of call, we'd be standing in the pay line when it was over!

SPORTS - ACTIVITIES

A MAJOR ASSET to the spirit and loyalty of the men of any Maritime Academy, is the participation of its midshipmen in inter-collegiate sports. In the past few years, this spirit has rapidly multiplied among the men of this Academy, and the teams produced through hard and rugged training have acquired an outstanding reputation for sportsmanship among collegiate circles.

TRULY, anyone who is willing to devote portions of his limited valuable time to the participation in Academy sports, regardless of limited facilities, deserves an ovation.

OTHER resources of the Academy spirit, are the various social functions held annually. For not only are they a diversion from the hectic routine of Academy living, but they are also a means whereby social circles become aware of the outstanding character of men produced by the Academy.

RING DANCE
1965

The ring ceremony is actually a marriage. It is the marriage of the young man to the sea. The symbol of this union is the ring which is dipped into the waters of the "Seven Seas" which are contained in the mariner's binnacle. The use of the binnacle, which is the compass housing, symbolizes a true course throughout the young man's career. The presence of a woman in the ceremony identifies him with the loved ones ashore, waiting for their man to return from the sea.

DANCE

COMMITTEE

The Social functions of the Academy consist of the "Annual Ring Dance," "The Spring Dance" and the First Class "Dinner Dance," as well as exclusive invitations to various social events held on the cruises, and the Annual Lobster Festival. It is the responsibility of the Dance Committee to schedule and organize these functions. This devoted task of the committee often goes unnoticed by the corps, but a sincere vote of congratulations for "a job well done" is extended by all those who attend these functions.

This year the committee found themselves against a wall, as the Academys great ring, used as the center-piece at the Ring Dance, was lost in a fire. However, through the untiring efforts of Mr. Charles J. Rudinsky, we were able to obtain a new, molded fiberglass ring.

PROGRAM

Annual Lobster Festival
Marshfield, Mass.

Ring Dance
Sheriton Plaza Hotel
Boston, Mass.

Spring Dance
Coral Gables
Hingham, Mass.

Dinner Dance (Class of 65')
The Surrey Room
Falmouth, Mass.

Miante, Czerney, Kelleher, McGlamery

The primary social function of our Academy is the Annual Formal Ring Dance sponsored by the Corps of Midshipmen. It is during this festivity that the envied ring of the graduate unites its owner to the sea. The heritage of this unique ceremony has been passed down from year to year by the many classes graduating from M.M.A., and is the highlight of the Academic year. During the course of the evening, a precision exhibition of the Mannual of Arms is displayed by the second class Honor Guard honoring the various dignitaries present.

We who attend wish to applaud the Dance Committee for their exceptional success resulting from tidious hours of preparation.

A special note of appreciation is also extended to Mr. Charles J. Rudinsky. Through his devoted labor, a new centerpiece ring was acquired.

CIRCLE-K CLUB

The Circle K club of Mass. Maritime is an organization dedicated to development of the character and morale of the men of the academy.

With the assistance of the Bourne Kiwanis, we have expanded our club to twenty-five members, and have been active participants in their weekly meetings, as well as our own.

Constantly the Circle K Club is alert to assist any worthwhile cause of the community or the Academy.

Members of this organization will graduate with perserverance instilled within their minds, which will lead them to the golden opportunites that the future holds for them.

CLUB OFFICERS 1964-65
President — Phil Dunphy
Vice-Pres. — Walt Czerney
Secretary — Gerald Miante
Treasurer — Jack DiTullio
Advisor — Capt. E. O. Evans

Saunders R. C., Paige, Nott, Dunphy, Russell, Kelleher, Czerney, Finley.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Phil Dunphy
Walt Czerney
Ted Paige
Bill Russell

One of the major characteristics which distinguish the first class midshipmen from the under classmen, is the wearing of a class ring. This is the official ring of the Academy and is worn proudly in every corner of the globe as a common bond between M.M.A. graduates.

The first ring was designed by the executive officer of the schoolship Nantucket; and, since that time, has remained basically the same. Any minor alterations, or additions have been accomplished through the careful wisdom of the various ring committees from year to year.

This ring is a lasting symbol to the graduate, of the position he has attained and the knowledge of the sea which is his. Looking closely at it, a little thought brings to light the comprehensiveness of its design. At the very base of the ring on either side are seen markings representing waves. Above the waves on one side is an anchor, symbol of the deckmen, and on the opposite side is a propeller, badge of the engineers. Flanking the Massachusetts State Seal on one side and the M.M.A. shield on the other, is the Trident of the sea-god Neptune and the sword of Authority. Above the State seal and the M.M.A. shield and under the protective wings of the American eagle, are dolphins, representing great activity and excellent performance, while around the aqua-marine stone, on the top of the ring, is the name of the Academy and the chain that binds all graduates together in brotherhood — the chain of Everlasting Fellowship.

RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Team of Massachusetts Maritime Academy was established a few years ago. In 1963, the team was fortunate to obtain firing facilities on board the Academy training ship, bullet traps, and six new winchester 52-D target rifles. For the procurement of this equipment, we wish to thank Commander John M. Cease, who was the teams first coach, and was instrumental in establishing the solid foundation of the club. In recent months, the position of coach has been fulfilled by Bradford W. Selfe, the ship's carpenter.

The club has an affiliation with the National Rifle Association, and due to the encouraging interest that has been shown toward the team, it had grown to its present size. Only a few matches have been held thus far, but many contests are planned for the future.

RIFLE CLUB

1st ROW: Selfe, Rudnsky, Destremps, Froberg, Lindquist, Miante, O'Brien. *2nd ROW:* Gell. Plezia, Butler, Riley, Janes, McPhee, McCarthy, Kopkac, Macomber, Hamblett, Sullivan, Doyle, Reis, Hartnett.

NEWMAN CLUB

Rev. F. L. Mahoney

The Newman Club of M.M.A., which was established at the Academy a few years ago as a member club of the National Newman Club Federation, is devoted to the character formation and religious guidance of the midshipman. Under the devoted leadership of Rev. Francis Mahoney, our club chaplain, we are kept well informed on the major events of our time; in regard to common topics as well as religious subjects.

The club has the honor of having a number of guest speakers attend various meetings to discuss topics of major interest to everyone.

Although the Newman facilities are open to all, there are certain, exclusive, extra-curricular events which make Newman membership worthwhile.

CLUB OFFICERS

President — Paul Kelleher
Vice-President — Paul Barra
Secretary — Edward Boucher
Treasurer — Robert McMurray

1st ROW: Ryan, Svenson, Humphreys, Mitchell, Kelleher, Barra, Boucher, Welsh, Begin, Nowd, Cole. *2nd ROW*: Morrisey, Collins, McCarthy, Destremps, Canty, Janes, Aruda, Hamblett, Lucas, Nadeau, Ford. *3rd ROW*: Nelson, Hartnett, Bechtold, Reed, Sullivan, Doyle, Kimtis, Donovan.

ACADEMY BAND

1st ROW: Brown R.C., Kuchewski, Nadeau, DeGaust, Jason, Banda, Farrar, Bechtold. *2nd ROW*: Coffin, Saunders, Milo, Culbert, Macomber, Sizemore, Campbell, Hartnett, Cartmill, Coyle, Cass, Nott, Cdr. Cease.

Cdr. J.M. Cease, Advisor, Cdt. Ens. C.P. Coffin, Band Master. Brass Section: Saunders R.C., Nadeau, Macomber, Campbell, Hartnett, Doyle, Jason. Woodwind Section: Nott, Milo, Cartmill, Heywood, Culbert. Bass Section: Brown R.C., Ilacqua. Drum Section: Banda, Farrar, Rudinsky, Cass, Harvey, DeGaust, Kuchlewski, Bechtold, Humphreys, Sizemore.

Our band, being rather small in the past, has expanded to a twenty-five piece precision unit in 1964 and 65. Morning formations have been sparked with talented instrumental portrayals; and, under the leadership of Commander Cease and band master Carl Coffin, the band has outdone past performances.

Overwhelming approval has been granted, even from the upper echelon, and we find this satisfying to our thirst for achievement.

As a sidelight, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Band has held concerts on our annual training cruises. These concerts have been held specifically for the benefit of everyone on board — to lighten their feelings and heighten their spirits while at sea.

We hope that future classes will strive to equal and surpass our rigid standards and merits.

ACADEMY COLOR GUARD

HONOR GUARD

HONOR GUARD 65' — B.M. — Saunders R.C., M.C. — Coffin, Ward, Miante Ford, Paige, Nott, Hutchings, McGlamery, Czerney, Mushet.

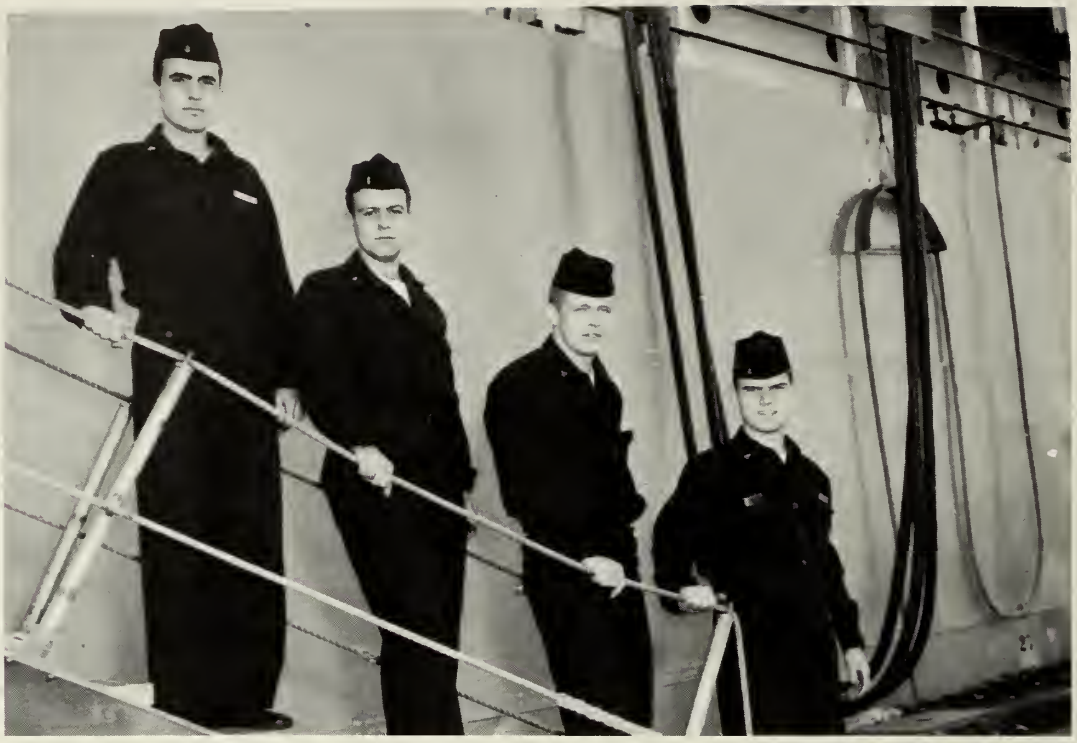
Months of diligent practice is condensed into ten minutes of work! This is the fate of the Honor Guard; but, I doubt if any of the ten members of the squad, comprised of second classmen, thought that it wasn't well worth the satisfaction gained by being able to perform as a precision military unit.

Although the primary display of the Honor Guard's ability is shown at the Annual Ring Dance, they find themselves preforming during the cruise, at various dedications, and for visiting dignitaries. It is truly a privilege to be selected a member of this exclusive unit, for it takes coordination, skill, sincere sacrifice and ability to obey instantly.

This Honor Guard clearly exemplifies the cooperative spirit of the Class of 1965.

HONOR GUARD 66'

PROPELLER CLUB



Club Officers: Ron Carrol, Gerry Miante, Tim Manning, John Sullivan. Faculty Advisor; LCDR A. McNaughton.

GOLF CLUB

Finley, Hutchings, DiTullio, Manning, Carrol, Prouty.

MUSTER STAFF

Staff Members: Manning, Miante, Dainis, Nott, Fears, McGlamery, Carrol, Hathaway, Kelleher, Paige, DiTullio, Coffin, Finley, (not shown-Russell).

Faculty Advisor
Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey

What do you mean — no HARD covers???

SOCCER

1st ROW: Banda, Winroth, Driscoll, Russell, Dunphy, Covel, Guertin, Brown J.V., Ward D. *2nd ROW:* Svenson, Gunning, Woodill, Barker, Nadeau, Bechtold, Massey, DeGaust, Canty, Coach Walter Eno. *3rd ROW:* Mgr. Nott, Mgr. Collins, Sizemore, Boussy, Bolcome, Callahan, Mgr. Murray.

During the 1964-65 season, the Mariners exhibited a willingness to practice, determination to score, high spirit and outstanding caliber of players; to the extent that brought this team to the peak of their capacities.

Under the capable hands of our new coach, Mr. Walter Eno, the team was put through a strenuous pace of training, which Mr. Eno carefully observed and instructed. Ably assisting the coach were the co-captains Bill Russell and Phil Dunphy, along with head manager George Nott — all veterans of the sport since its initiation at the Academy, three years ago.

Russell and Dunphy led the team in daily calisthenics and practice, barring *none* from the ritual. Come rain or shine, the Mariners were out on the "sports field" putting their best efforts toward maintaining the Academy's fine sportsman traditions.

Practice and constant workouts do not totally make a team, but working under pressure on the playing field, against the mightiest of opponents, will always bring out the qualities of the best. The Mariners proved to be a constant threat to any team. No one will forget the "grudge" game played, at the Academy, against Curry College. After troubling to procure strict referees and to follow definite league standards, the Mariners — as last season — went on to a glorious victory over the "boys" of Curry.

Spirit is a partner of any team. The Mariners displayed their spirit, both at the away games (where the cheering section consisted of those midshipmen who could be present), and at the home games and league games (where the Academy could be proud of the turnout of supporting midshipmen). There is nothing so inspiring to hear as the men of the Academy cheering the

SOCCER

Coach Walter Eno talks with Co-captains Bill Russell and Phil Dunphy as head manager George Nott looks on.

team toward victory, while at the same time conversing in "middie language" with the opponents. Sign language has its points.

The height of this years season came during the league playoffs, with a three-way tie for first-place between Stonehill College, New Bedford Tech. and Mass. Maritime Academy.

During the first playoff game, after a heated three quarters, Stonehill was ahead of the Mariners 3-0, but the "fighting spirit of M.M.A." manifested itself in the last quarter. The final score — 4-3, in favor of the Mariners.

The Stonehill game put the Mariners in second place in the Southern Division of the Colonial Inter-Collegiate Soccer League, but the title of "League Champions" was denied the Mariners due to a sad 1-0 loss to New Bedford Tech.

Next season, the Mariners are determined to walk away with the league trophy and, if the team skill, power and spirit continue — we know that they will achieve their well earned title of "champions."

Coach Eno discusses tactics with the starting squad.

PULLING BOAT TEAM

1965 Team: Driscoll, Kopkac, Samoulchuck, Curran, Fellows, Sullivan, Barth. *ROW 2:* McGregor, Nedeau, Brown R. C., Duffey, Humphreys. *ROW 3:* Evans, Culbert, Nelson, Montembault, Brown T. H., Kenny. Maitland, Ward, Donovan, Linguist.

The Pulling Boat Team of Massachusetts Maritime Academy is a rigorously trained, syncronized unit composed of Second and Third Classmen who are willing to devote the major portion of their free time to this competitive Maritime sport, to which they are so readily adapted.

This year, under the skilled training of Lt. F. L. Dixon Yard, the team was in utmost readiness for competition. This readiness was accomplished by morning and afternoon training, as well as a through calisthenical program. Their skill was first evidenced in their winning third place in competition against the other Eastern Maritime Academies on May 15, Long Island Sound.

On National Maritime Day May 22, the highlight of the season came during competition against the Maine Maritime, New York Maritime, Texas Maritime and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academies in a race which was held on the Potomac River in Washington, D.C. The M.M.A. team was first at the finish-line of this distinctive race, covering a one-mile course, after 12 min. 9 sec., by four boat lengths; thus claiming the title of National Pulling Boat Champions.

During the same week, the team was challenged by the Oslo Fjord team of Norway, international title holders for 12 years. Much to the pride of M.M.A., our team came in ahead of the Oslo Fjord team by two boat lengths.

First Team: Humphreys, Brown R.C., Nelson, Kenny, Maitland, Fellows, Kopkac, Brown T. H. Not Shown — Coxswain, W. F. Curran.

CROSS COUNTRY

1st ROW: Toomey, Broderick, Boucher, Milo, Fears, Farrar. *2nd ROW:* Paige, Coffin, Kelleher, Felos, Mercandante, Bell, Judge, Callahan, Nott. (Missing from photo, Dainis, Dunn).

The second major sport at the Academy is cross-country racing, having taken over the position as second as the baseball team was dropped, this season, due to lack of available training time.

Participation in cross-country meets, as a member of the M.M.A. team, requires stamina, determination, rugged training and a constant will to win. Our season was cut short, this year, due to insufficient time and poor support: but, our rigorously trained team, sparked by the excellent running of co-captains Jim Dainis and Tony Felos, was in top physical condition. Our meets have included such colleges as Maine Maritime Academy, Connecticut College, New York State Maritime Academy, Providence College, and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy.

Next season we hope to have more opportunities to show the "fighting spirit of M.M.A.," as our team is always in demand on the schedules of rival colleges.

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY (COG)
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS
22 June 1964

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1964 - 1965

Mon 13 Jul 64 Commence first term.
Sat 1 Aug 64 Cape Cod Canal Transit. Canal Anniversary Celebration.
Fri 7 Aug 64 End of first marking period - 4 weeks.
Fri 4 Sep 64 End of second marking period - mid-term - 8 weeks.
Mon 7 Sep 64 Labor Day.
Sat 12 Sep 64 Tentative "Alumni Day Cruise".
Fri 2 Oct 64 End of third marking period - 12 weeks.
Mon 12 Oct 64 Columbus Day.
Fri 30 Oct 64 End of fourth marking period - 16 weeks.

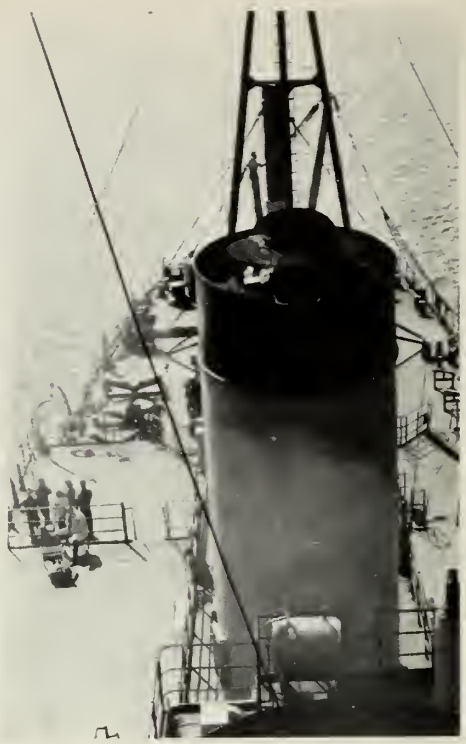
Mon 2 Nov 64 to Fri 6 Nov 64 Term examinations.

Fri 6 Nov 64 End of first term.
Mon 9 Nov 64 Commence second term.
Wed 11 Nov 64 Veterans' Day.
Thu 26 Nov 64 Thanksgiving Day.
Fri 4 Dec 64 End of first marking period - 4 weeks.
Thu 24 Dec 64 Leave begins.
Fri 25 Dec 64 Christmas Day.

Mon 4 Jan 65 End of leave.
Tue 5 Jan 65 Depart Buzzards Bay.
Mon 22 Mar 65 Return Buzzards Bay.
Mon 22 Mar 65 Leave begins.
Mon 5 Apr 65 Resume classes.
Fri 9 Apr 65 End of second marking period - mid term - 8 weeks.
Mon 19 Apr 65 Patriots' Day.
Fri 7 May 65 End of third marking period - 12 weeks.
Mon 31 May 65 Memorial Day.
Fri 4 Jun 65 End of fourth marking period - 16 weeks.

Mon 7 Jun 65 to Fri 11 Jun 65 Term examinations.

Fri 11 Jun 65 End of second term.
Fri 11 Jun 65 Leave begins.
Mon 14 Jun 65 U.S. Coast Guard Examinations.
Sun 27 Jun 65 Commencement Exercises.
Mon 28 Jun 65 New class enters.
Mon 5 Jul 65 Independence Day.
Tue 6 Jul 65 Commence first term.



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MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY (COG)

SUMMER TERM 1965 STUDY SCHEDULE SECOND SEMESTER 9 NOVEMBER 1964 TO 11 JUNE 1965 (cruise time not included)

DAY	PER	3A	RM	3B	RM	2D	RM	2E	RM	1D	RM	1E	RM
	1	SeaLab		Alge CE 2				NVSC	2	SeaLab		AtPo	HD 5
	2	"		Alge CE 2		NVSC	3	MaHi EN 4		"		AtPo	HD 5
	3	"		ELit EN 2				Dies CR 4		"		FA	TA 5
MON	4	"		NVSC	2	ELit EN 3		Elec HM 4		"		Dies	CR 5
	5	"		Span YA 2		MaHi EN 3		Calc CE 4		"		Elec	HM 5
	6	"		Phys HD 2		Span YA 3		AnGe CE 4		"		Boil	WR 5
	7	"		Phys HD 2		ShOp MN 3		Span YA 4		"		Regs	WR 5
	1	Phys HD 2		EngLab		Span YA 3		SAux CR 4		Nav CO 1			
	2	Phys HD 2		"ALL ENG		Sea PA 3		ShCo WO 4		RuRo CO 1		Boil	WR 5
	3	Draw DO 1		"PERS		ShCo WO 3		Boil WR 2		Mete RO 5		LiRe	HM 4
TUE	4	Draw DO 1		"NOT		ShOp MN 3		NVSC	2	RMI PA 5		Steam	MU 4
	5	Span YA 2		"IN		Comm MN 3		Dies CR 2		Sea PA 1		NVSC	4
	6	NVSC	2	"CLASS		Nav CO 1		SteamMU 3		CargoPA 5		Dies	CR 4
	7	Alge CE 2		"		Nav CO 1		Elec HM 3		Comm MN 5		SAux	CR 4
	1	ELit EN 3		Phys HD 2		SeaLab				NVSC	5	EngLab	
	2	ECom EN 3		Phys HD 2		"		Calc CE 4		MaLa HI 5		"ALL ENG	
	3	Span YA 3		ECom EN 2		"				FA TA 5		"PERS	
WED	4					"						"NOT	
	5	USHi DO 3		Span YA 2		"		AnGe CE 4		RuRo CO 5		"IN	
	6	Phys HD 3		USHi DO 2		"		AnGe CE 4		Nav CO 1		"CLASS	
	7	Phys HD 3		Econ DO 2		"		Span YA 4		Comm MN 5		"	
	1	Alge CE 2		Draw DO 1		Sea PA 3		EngLab		NVSC	5		
	2	ELit EN 2		Draw DO 1		NVSC	3	"ALL ENG		Mete RO 5		Elec	HM 4
	3	Econ DO 2		MEng WR 3		Nav CO 1		"PERS		Sea PA 5		NVSC	4
THU	4	MEng WR 2		Econ DO 3				"NOT		RMI PA 5		SAux	CR 4
	5	NVSC	2	ELit EN 3		ShOp MN 5		"IN		MaLa HI 1		Regs	WR 4
	6	Phys HD 2		NVSC	3	Trig CE 4		"CLASS		Nav CO 1		Steam	MU 5
	7	Econ DO 2		Phys HD 3		TrigCE 4		"		CargoPA 1		LiRe	MU 5
	1	NVSC	2	ECom EN 3				Span YA 5			N	RaEl	PR 4
	2	USHi DO 2		NVSC	3	Span YA 1		ShCo WO 5		NVSC	N	RaEl	PR 4
FRI	3	ECom EN 2		ECon DO 3		ShCo WO 1		NVSC	5	RaEl PR N		NVSC	4
	4	Span YA 2		USHi DO 3		NVSC	4	ELit EN	5	RaEl PR N			
	5	Econ DO 2		Span YA 3							N		

SUMMER TERM 1965 - SECOND SEMESTER
1st period 0800-0850
2nd period 0855-0945
3rd period 1000-1050
4th period 1055-1145
LUNCH 1145-1250
5th period 1250-1340
6th period 1345-1435
7th period 1440 -1530

Room "N" located in Naval Science Building.

R.T. ROUNDS,
ACTING PRESIDENT.

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ACADEMY LIFE

THERE COMES A TIME in the life of every young man when he must shed the ties of his childhood home and seek his position in the world. The major step in seeking his vocation is the one into college life.

EVERY YEAR a select group of young men are enrolled at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, and every year an even more select group of men graduate; taking with them a Bachelors Degree in Nautical Science or Marine Engineering, a license as a U.S. Merchant Marine Officer, a commission as Ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and lasting memories of the days spent at M.M.A.

THIS GOAL requires sacrifice, hard work, earnest study and military training; however, as a graduate recalls his years spent at the Academy, he recollects many memories which only he can relate. On the following pages are a few of the events and organizations that form these memories.

SECOND CLASSMEN

DECK *1st ROW:* Fisher, Amesbury, Sieferth, Lightbody, Froberg, Driscoll, Polombo, Broadly, Evans, Curran. *2nd ROW:* Carpenter, Battell, Wallace, Woodill, Doherty, Silvia, Borden, Hackett, Morrissey, Long.

ENGINE *1st ROW:* Green, Ricardo, Thayer, Boucher, Brown, T.H., Kuchlewski, Campbell, Heywood, Boussy, McMurray. *2nd ROW:* Winroth, McGauhey, Ward, Barra, Brown R. C., Cunniff, Mercandanti, Widberg, Maitland. Freel, Wing, Bolcome, Kenny, Shimkus.

THIRD CLASSMEN

Group A Third Class *1st ROW:* Bartkiewicz, Archambault, Riley, Begin, Dovle, Ryan, Kimtis, Arruda. *2nd ROW:* Lucas, Welsh, Fassett, Donovan, Colpus, McPhee, Destremps, Doherty. *3rd ROW:* Canty, Dunn, Toomey, Humphreys, Linguist, Campbell, Nelson, Hammerly, Hichson, Roach, Duggan, Duffey, Graham, Fellows, Barker.

Group B Third Class *1st ROW:* O'Meara, Collins, Covel, Plezia, Janes, Bechtold, McCarthy, Harrington, Frappier, Farrar, Reis. *2nd ROW:* Aldred, Hamblett, Gunning, Butler, Langenbach, Svenson, Nickodem, Mitchell. *3rd ROW:* Macomber, Hartnett, Kopkac, Massey, Nadeau, Banda, Nowd, Jason, O'Brien, Cole, Reed, Sullivan, Brown, Sizemore, Manning, Fritz, Carlozzi, Momtembault, Culbert.

CLASS HISTORY

The night of 22 July 1962 brought unusually high tides along the coast of Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts. The next morning, it was noticed that during the night, about 95 squids had washed up onto the pier of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, and were left stranded there when the tide receded.

Just as it appeared that all of us squids would perish right there off the pier, we were gathered up, one by one, and taken aboard the training ship "BAY STATE" where we were to be given food, clothing, and shelter. They didn't tell us, at the time, that the food was to be 1943 U.S. Army surplus, the clothing was of superior "Hart, Schaffner, and Burlap" quality, and the shelter was to be in the form of deckplate bottoms. However, we soon found this out for ourselves, along with the fact that for all of these services, we would be required to spend the next three years showing our gratitude.

With this thought in mind we put on a uniform, and from then on we were referred to individually as "midshipmen," and collectively as "The Class of 1965."

It was only a few weeks before some of our classmates began to show their gratitude. With a little coaxing from the Heavenly Powers, "Names and places, shuns" were given, and three upper jobs were released from their three-year obligation. This ultimately led to a four-day "Hunger Strike" which ended in a triumphant success. It hasn't yet been determined exactly what we were triumphantly successful in doing, but after August of 1962, a few more people realized that there was a maritime academy in Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

It wasn't long before we found that deckplate doing, back rubbing, cigarette giving, and mid-standing were the least of our worries. Toward the end of September, the "midterm 1-50 list" was posted, showing that 33.3% of our class had been deficient in studies during the past eight weeks. Fortunately, there was a very effective solution to our deficiencies. We were given the opportunity of spending half of our "one-week-end-a-month-liberty" on board to be extra messcooks, to "turn to" for four hours a day, and to tool for upper-jobs. In fact, this remedy was so effective that when the Term 1-50 List came out eight weeks later, about a third of us found that our names

"Come here . . .
Young man!"

Maritime Midshipmen Continue 'Hunger
Cape T
Cadets Consume
Candy and Cake
Hunger Strikers
Up or Be Carried
HUNGER STRIKE!
Students End
Hunger Strike
56 Midshipmen
Are Graduated
Student Hunger Strike at
We Mode Our Point,'
Midshipmen Explain
Mass. Maritime Cadets
Staging Hunger Strike
Both Sides Mo
On Hunger Strike
Hazing Furor May Cloud Academy Graduation
Midshipmen
Call Hall
To Strike
Furor Dims
Graduation
Strike

were "on it there." This, of course was a tremendous decrease from the original 33.3% who had made the Mid-term 1-50, which proved to all of us the efficiency of the system that existed.

By December about one third of our original classmates found that they would rather have been left to perish on the pier, back in July, and they had left the Academy to try their luck in other fields.

Christmas leave period went by all too fast, and before we knew it, we were on our way to South America on our first cruise. The cruise proved to be quite an experience for all of us . . . including green seas which induced green faces during the first few days at sea. But all the hot, sweaty, engineroom watches and the rough days at sea were balanced off by the liberty days in the foreign ports, not to mention the "bennies" from the tropical sun, so we all made it back to Buzzard's Bay in March none the worse for wear and much richer in knowledge . . . and demerits.

After the cruise, the rest of the year passed quickly, and soon we became second-jobs. Thus came the permanent split in the class. We were divided into sixteen deckies and thirty one engineers. This number was soon reduced to twelve and twenty nine respectively, where it was to remain for the next two years.

Our second-class year found the deckies off to a poor start, providing them with many extra weekends . . . on board. But, all in all, through continuous studying and the never ending efforts on both our part and on the part of our instructors, we proceeded to learn the tricks of the trade along with important engineering and navigational terms such as "On it there," "Sea stories," "Ping movies," "You rate it," "What-are-you-do-wing?", and "Good afternoon gents. Be seated, please." With the inevitable 1-50 list to break up the monotony of going home on weekends, our second year at M.M.A. flew by and before we knew it, we were upper-jobs.

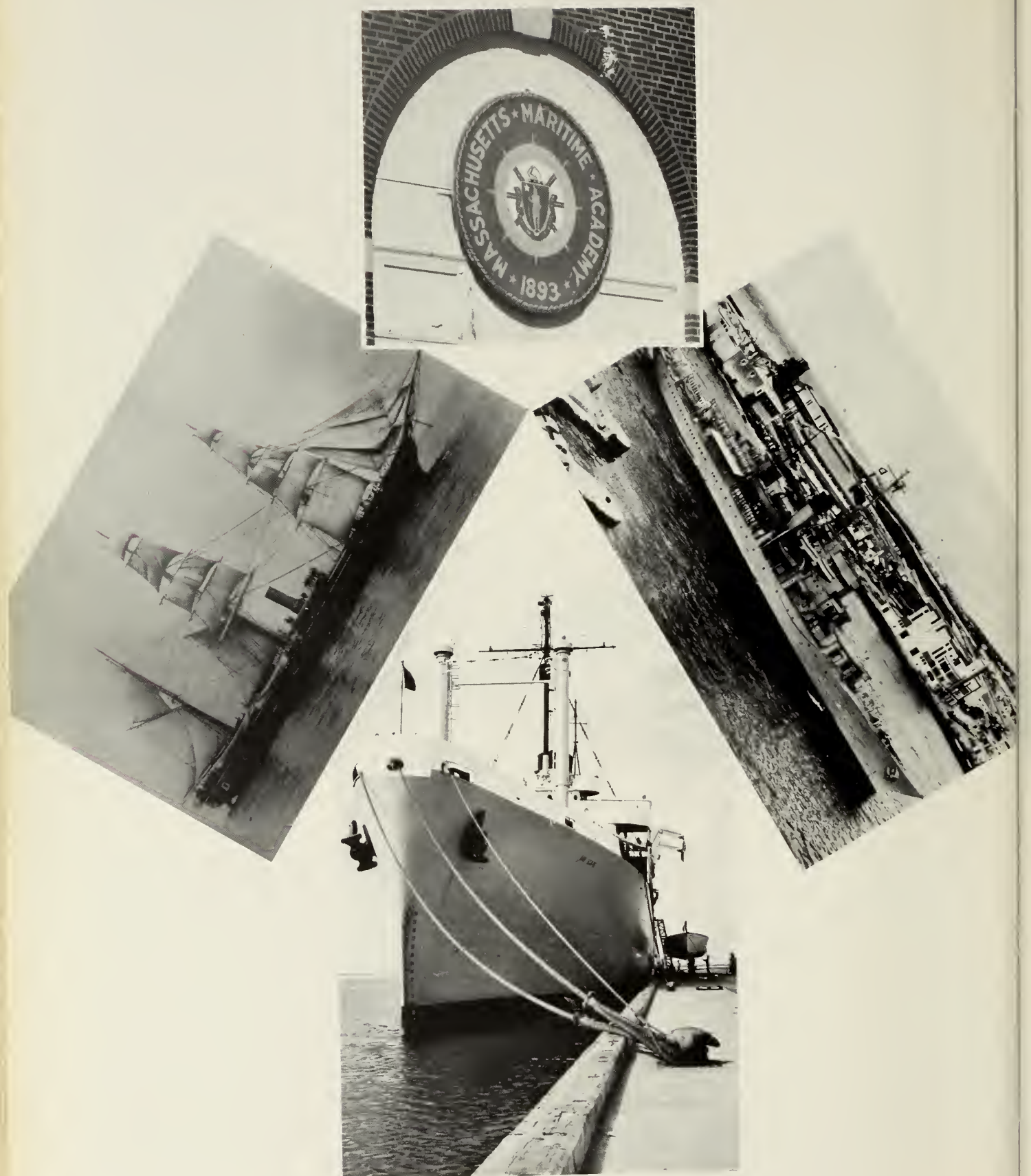
It didn't seem possible that just two years earlier we had been as mixed up and confused as the new "youngies" appeared to be. But now, our main objective was to prepare ourselves for the license exams coming up the following June. Without our licenses, the three years of studying would be practically useless. So with this in mind, the engineers started taking Mr. King and Mr. Osbourne a little more seriously, and the deckies continued studying the philosophies of Mr. Bowditch.

Once again, the Term 1-50 reigned over a few of us, but thanks to efforts of our various social organizations, such as the "Order of the Night Riders," and the "M.M.A. Horizontal Club," the long weekends on board weren't shortened, but at least they were made a little more enjoyable.

Because of the fact that the 1-50 List couldn't keep everybody on board Friday afternoons, another means had to be devised. The Captain's mast, which was established many years ago, proved to be just what the powers that be orderd, because for more than two months after we turned upper-job, no member of our class had made the Wednesday noon trip to Ship's Office. But after the "Como-Goldwyn-Meyer" Company's futile attempt to revive an old friend in the engineer's compartment one Sunday night, the path to Ship' Office became well worn.

But with only a matter of months before graduation, we decided to settle down to work, and make it possible for us to all pass our license exams.

"Boggar" 65'


MASSACHUSETTS • MARITIME • ACADEMY
• 1893 •

ACADEMY HISTORY

Massachusetts Nautical School was established in 1891 by an act of the Massachusetts Legislature and made its first home in the Port of Boston, Massachusetts, with a two year program commencing April 5, 1893. A federal appropriation of $25000 set the school on its feet and the wooden bark rigged steam vessel "Enterprise" was acquired from the Navy as the first training ship. Since its initiation, reputedly the school has set a standard for Merchant Marine Officers, having a greater percentage of its graduates pursue a nautical career at sea than any other Maritime Academy.

The year 1909 found the "Enterprise" replaced by the Ranger, which was later renamed the "Rockport" that she might serve as a coastal patrol vessel during the first World War. At the close of the war she reclaimed her status as a training vessel and was christened the "Nantucket."

During this war, a Massachusetts Nautical School graduate, Capt. Emery Rice — class of 1897, sank the first German U-Boat of the war while he was in command of the transport "Mongolia."

In the interim years between its founding and the World War, the school was honored many times for "excellence in preparing young men for the Merchant Marine Service." Receiving: a gold medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904, a gold medal at the Louis and Clark exposition in 1905, a silver medal at the James Town Tri-centennial Exposition in 1907 and a gold medal at the Panama Pacific International Exposition in 1915.

1941 brought two significant changes to the Nautical School: The Maritime Commission replaced the Navy as the Federal Administration agent, and the Schools name was changed to Massachusetts Maritime Academy. With this action, the campus was moved from its original position in Boston to Hyannis. Here, during the war years, the course was shortened to eighteen months and many of the graduates served in the Merchant Fleet and in the Navy.

As the Academy moved into the present era, the program of study was lenghtened to three years and on June 29, 1949, the Academy's first Bachelor of Science Degrees were conferred upon the graduates. Also, in this year, the campus was again moved to its present location on the Cape Cod Canal and the gun-boat "Charleston" replaced the "Nantucket" as the training vessel.

The U.S.S. Doyen which served in most of the major campaigns of the Pacific during World War II, was taken from the "Moth Ball Fleet" in 1957 and renamed the "Bay State" and is now on loan from the Maritime Commission as the Academy's Training vessel.

By the passage of Senate Bill 868, The Academy became a State College in 1964 and the five man Board of Commissioners was liquidated as the Academy came under the direction on the Massachusetts Division of State Colleges.

Plans now call for an extensive building program and an enlarged campus, which, in the near future, will accommodate more than double the present enrollment in a four year program.

LEGIONS OF ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

Phi Betta 1-50

Jim, Kel, Sully, Joe, Lou, Tim, Andy, Carl.

Phi Re Kappa Tread

Andy, Paul, Carl, Jim, Skip.

Roger Saunders, Bart Walsh, Walt Czerny.

CLASS

LAUNDRY

WORKERS

Clipping and Cleanliness Committee

Jim Gibbons, Jack DiTullio.

CLASS

BARBERS

WHO-FAH TEAM

Roger, Dan, Walt, Bill, Skip, Bogger, Jack, Dunphs.

THE BROTHERS DOZEN

Kel, Hutch, Dan, George, Andy, Struddly, Henry, John, Tony, Judas, Harve, Lou.

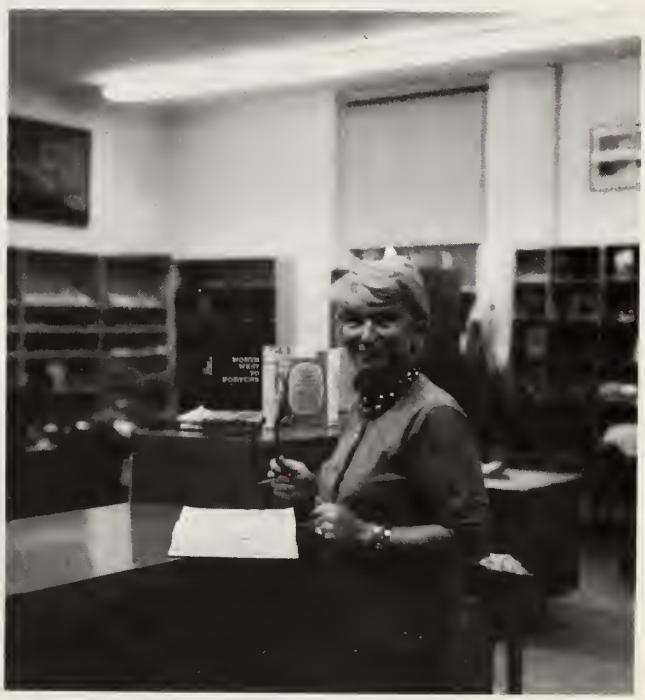
ACADEMY LIBRARY

For the past few years, since the Academy was moved from Hyannis to Buzzards Bay, the need for an organized library was apparent.

During the past year, with the Academy's efforts toward full accreditation, our library became well stocked. At present, the library contains 10,000 volumes, comprising numerous topics, and is open daily for the benefit of all Midshipmen and Officers.

We wish to express our gratitude to Mrs. Sprague, Academy Librarian, for her efforts in organizing and operating our library.

Mrs. Sprague, Academy Librarian



KENNEDY SLAIN
ION MOURNS KENNEDY
HAIRCUT
50¢

UPON LOOKING BACK . . .

MEMORIES REMAIN . . .

FROM PAST . . .

AND PRESENT . . .

AND THE DAYS . . .

OF WINE AND ROSES . . .

THEN ONE REALIZES . . .

YOUTH IS GONE.

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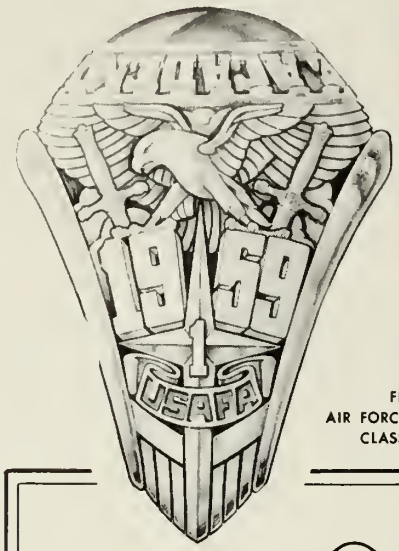

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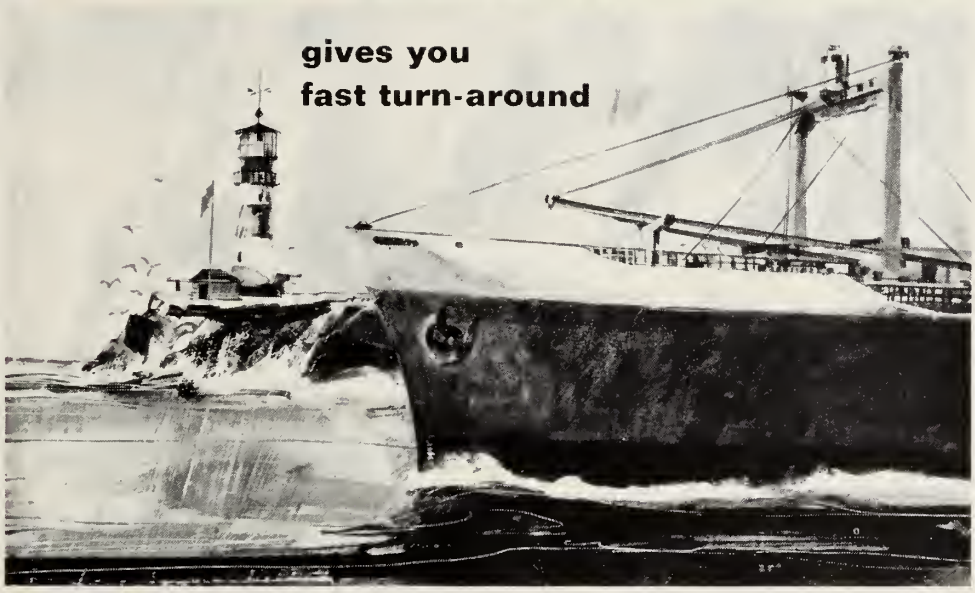

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and

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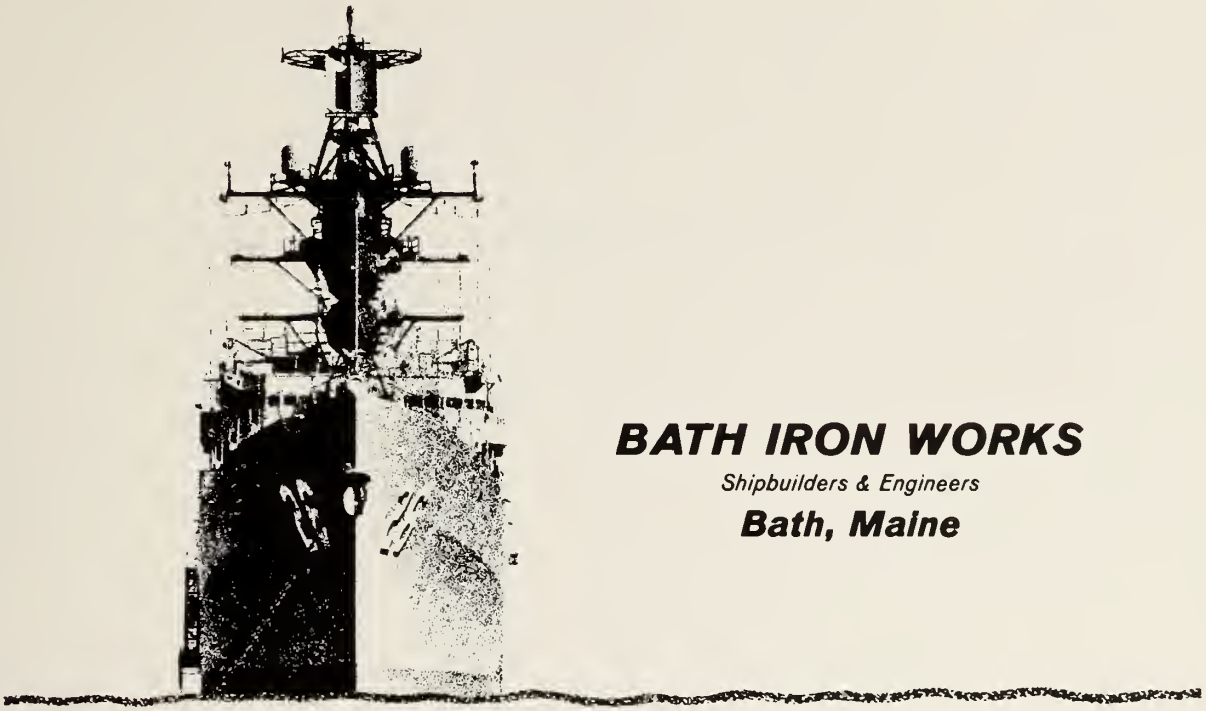

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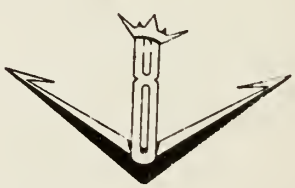

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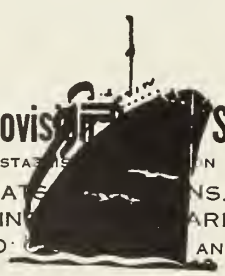

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